A Brothers' Business

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A Brothers' Business

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Summary

The Raki-Graham brothers, Adam and Will, had amassed quite the lucrative business together. Will did most of the physical things, and Adam was the boss. He was the brains of everything - not that Will lacked in that area, no, he was cunning too, but it was more that he enjoyed getting his hands in their business. There was something intimate about it.

Will a new rival gang - the Lecters - throw a wrench in their business, or will the four men find a way to come together?

Chapter 1

The Raki-Graham brothers, Adam and Will, had amassed quite the lucrative business together. Will did most of the physical things, and Adam was the boss. He was the brains of everything - not that Will lacked in that area, no, he was cunning too, but it was more that he enjoyed getting his *hands* in their business. There was something *intimate* about it.

That suited Adam Raki just fine, or Adam “Starman” Graham as he was known. He'd been reunited with his brother Will when they were just sixteen, when his adoptive father passed on and he'd gone searching for his real father. He and Will were very different in a lot of ways, but they both weren't very social and had a few things in common. They had an understanding however, and respected each other’s boundaries and space. Will wasn't on the spectrum like Adam but most thought he was. Maybe that was just fine.

Had things been different, Adam would have became an electronics engineer, or did something with space, which he loved, but in order to survive, they took over for their biological father, Bill Graham, in his line of work. Both were born into crime, even if Adam had found his way there later. It was in their blood. Adam was a natural at it, with his penchant for numbers and no nonsense, as well as the organization; the slightly younger brother could detach from emotion and get things done like no other.

It was often harder for Will in that sense; he had to build forts, keep people out so that when he killed someone, he didn't take their pain into himself, or *become* them. Still, it felt powerful either way. It worked out and he and his brother had a nice place outside of the city, in the country to come home to and recharge. Adam liked looking at an unfettered view of the stars at night and Will enjoyed the peace and quiet. They had two dogs, so far. Will wanted more but Adam tolerated the two they had.

Thankfully Will was good at managing them. Adam liked the dogs of course, it was just the smell and barking that got to him sometimes, but noise cancelling headphones, a diligent cleaning routine, and Will's thoughtfulness helped with all of that. They worked well together, and looked out for each other. Neither one of them were seeing anybody, romantically, and that suited them just fine.

One thing that had come up lately, throwing a wrench in their day to day - which Adam detested - was a rival gang. Romanian/Lithuanian. Right there in New York. This gang had two leaders, brothers, and the Raki-Graham brothers were becoming bothered by it more and more. They were encroaching, which was rude, but not unexpected. Something had to be done. Will proposed physical action, but Adam thought it might be more civil to meet with the leader and have a discussion. Even though Will was apprehensive about it, thinking there was no point, he agreed. Adam was the boss, so he accepted that.

The time arrived, and Adam went to meet this Romanian Drug lord at his place. He had on an all black suit, hair slicked back and to the side, dark glasses on despite the time of night, and a hot piece tucked under his black overcoat. Hopefully it wouldn't come to that. Will insisted on waiting in the car though, so he was close by in case it ended up being some sort of a trap.

All Adam had to do was press a discreet button on his watch and Will would be alerted on his phone - a device Adam himself had crafted.

"I'll be okay, hopefully," Adam stated, tone flat, looking at Will once before he squeezed his arm reassuringly and got out of the passenger side of the car. He took a breath, going over in his mind what he'd say - he hated meeting new people, even a rival - then walked up to the front door, ringing the bell.

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Hannibal and Nigel were inseparable. Born two years apart but nearly identical in looks, they couldn't be more dissimilar in personalities. The elder Hannibal was studious, quiet, neat and organized, though quick-witted with a great sense of humor, while his brother Nigel was scrappy, and foul-mouthed with a taste for violence, though certainly just as smart and sharp-tongued.

The Lecters were born in Lithuania, into a powerful and notorious family that controlled a large part of the Eastern European criminal underworld. However, when war broke out between rival families in the early 70's, they were forced into hiding and fled to Bucharest, Romania, where they had to change identities and go underground. With no options left, the Lecter family left the boys in an orphanage, the only option they had to keep them alive, and as fate would have it, their enemies found almost all of them, and slaughtered all but their uncle Robertus and his wife. They and the Lecter boys were the only ones left living after all was said and done.

Fortunately, Robertus had been wise enough to secure a little bit of their fortune, and when they were of age, he got them out of the orphanage and gave them their inheritance. They fled to France where they built up a network of their own making, and were successful for a number of years until business went bad there too.

Uncle Robertus passed away, leaving the last of the Lecter inheritance to the brothers just in time to save them from this final bit of bad blood they'd found themselves tangled in. They were good at business, but Nigel's quick temper unfortunately had caught up with them one too many times. By that time, they were well into their forties, Hannibal forty-seven, Nigel forty-five, and they decided to try their luck in America, New York City to be exact. They'd made a few connections there, at least enough to get a modest start, and they had enough determination and resourcefulness to get started.

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Nigel wore a dark silver suit and straightened his tie before opening the door. He was sure they'd be able to come to an agreement with whoever these men were - typically the way these meetings went, he'd meet them and they'd take one look at him and do whatever he asked. Nigel had an intimidating way about him simply by virtue of his cheekbones and accent alone.

When he opened the door, he was surprised at the dark-haired man in the doorway, looking like a fucking runway model in a tailored suit, slicked back hair and perfectly trimmed beard and designer sunglasses.

“Hello,” he said, in a low voice.

Adam’s hands were clasped behind his back, and he nodded, his tone cold, and unfeeling, but not rude. He looked at the other man behind the security of his glasses, not intimidated at all, but rather… shocked, at just how aesthetically appealing he was. Well, that wasn’t the point, so he discreetly wrung his fingers together out of view.

“Hello. I’m Adam Graham, we’ve business to discuss, as you know.”

Nigel licked his lips, unable to stop himself from looking the man up and down. “Yeah, come in. *You’re* Adam Graham?” he said sarcastically. The fucker was sexy as fuck, but he didn’t want to give all his cards away, so better to play it like he was mocking him.

Adam walked in and removed his sunglasses. It wasn’t polite to keep them on in someone’s home, and he knew as much. Tucking them away, he looked Nigel dead in his eyes and rubbed his beard. He felt ensnared by the handsome blond man, but he needed to seem strong and intimidating, which he was, in his own way. His tone was cold, blunt, and he wasn’t trying to seem sarcastic, it was just how he was. “Yes. I just stated that. Do you have trouble hearing?”

Nigel was caught off guard momentarily, both at the directness of the statement, the fact that he didn’t seem even slightly intimidated, but mostly at how unnervingly fucking blue and gorgeous his eyes were. They looked right through him. Nigel was careful to keep a straight poker face, though his heart was pounding in his chest. “Hear you perfectly fucking clear, darling. Just wasn’t expecting Adam Graham to look quite like you do. It doesn’t matter though. Have a seat in here. Can I get you a drink before we get started?” he asked smoothly, leading the dark-haired man into a sunken, sprawling modern, minimalist but luxurious living room space, everything black, silver and glass, all recessed lighting and curves.

Adam wondered why Nigel called him darling, but he also liked it, so he didn’t comment on it. At the drink offer, he shook his head. “No thank you,” he replied, sitting down after looking around. It was a nice home, certainly, and he wondered where Nigel’s other brother was. It didn’t matter though, the leader was who he needed to talk to. “How did you expect him...me, to look?”

Nigel thought it was maybe a strange power play that he didn’t take the offered drink. Nonetheless, he made himself one, not wanting to break his momentum. “Not nearly as pretty. You look more like a model than a businessman to me, if you don’t mind my saying so, Mr Graham,” Nigel said with a bit of an intimidating smirk, and moved closer into the living room area where he joined him and sat down.

It was certainly not very business-like of Nigel to say that but Adam found he was flushing at the compliment. He wanted to tell him that he was handsome too, but he didn’t. Still, he was growing warm. Thank goodness the beard hid some of the color on his face. The odd smile from the other didn’t bother Adam. He couldn’t really decipher it, so it didn’t matter much. “You may say what you’d like. I do wonder if we’re going to talk about the problem your family has caused mine. I think that might be a good place to begin, then we can kiss each other’s asses all you’d like.”

The sassy mouth on this one. Nigel found himself liking this young man more and more every second - but that was not why they were here, and he knew it. He leaned forward from where he was seated and got up then strolling across the room to reassert himself to standing in a position of power. “It most certainly fucking isn’t why we’re here. We’re here because my brother and I have every bit as much right to operate in this city as you do, and we’re not going anywhere, Mr Graham.”

Adam stood up as well, showing he wasn’t afraid in the least, plus, he often mimicked. “We’ve been running this city for quite some time. You’ve come here and encroached where you don’t belong Mister Lecter. We have people not only here, but in all directions within a five hundred mile radius that will do our bidding at the snap of my fingers. You are in *my* town, I suggest you show some respect.” He licked his lips and cocked a brow at him as he remembered the words Will and he had talked over. Analogies seemed popular in this world, so he’d learned to use a few to drive points home. “If you play nice, we may be able to come to some sort of treaty, but having your men and dealings scattered around like roaming dogs doesn’t serve either one of us.”

Nigel was impressed with his brass balls; it was admirable, if not downright hot as fuck. Most men backed down when he postured, or at least recognized his dominance and grew defensive, which showed their weakness. Instead, Adam was cool and confident, demanding *he* show *his* respect, showing no emotion either way? It was chilling, intimidating and impressive. Of course, Nigel wasn’t intimidated, but he *was* turned on. He circled Adam like a shark, one predator recognizing another, and took another tack, looking him up and down a little more openly, leering and admiring his shape in the perfectly tailored, well-cut suit he wore. “I think I can be persuaded to play nice, gorgeous, especially by you. Whatever we come up with, I’ll need to discuss with my brother of course, but let’s say I’m certainly open to negotiations?” he said, a smile curving his full lips.

“I’ll need to speak with mine as well,” Adam said, thinking of Will out in the car waiting. He turned around, watching Nigel circle him. It made him uncomfortable, but not out of intimidation. It was more an annoyance due to not knowing where he was or why he was doing that. Naturally he could see he was being looked over, but in what way was it meant? The area Nigel looked at on his body, combined with the smile, and the pet name, made him contemplate. It also became apparent to himself that he was aroused. “I’m going to need you to directly tell me what you’re thinking in terms of persuasion. I’ve never been good with subtext, Mister Lecter.” He smiled a little, then added, “I’m pleased you’re open. I’d like it if you’d stop circling me. I would prefer to sit back down if it's all the same to you.”

“Would you enjoy getting right to the point then?” Nigel asked, coming around to the end of the sofa. He sat all the way back, stretching his arm along the back of the couch and patted his lap with a smirk. “If it’s all the same to you then, darling, why don’t you have the most comfortable seat in the house right here, and we’ll start negotiating, hmm? No subtext at all.”

Adam hoped Nigel wasn’t trying to imply he viewed him as weak, and someone to be silenced with the promise of sex. Adam wasn’t someone who just had sex without connection. Still, he really did find Nigel appealing, and there seemed to be something. “I do like getting to the point. I want to ask you first, are you wanting me to sit on your lap to alter my thoughts on our families? I have to let you know, I don’t foresee that, even if we have sex

and it's good." Walking over, he took off his overcoat and set it on the nearby coat rack, then sat on his lap, looking him in the eyes. He'd see how it this went, and it was a very nice seat.

The Romanian gasped and shifted his hips, completely unprepared for Adam to actually call his bluff and take the bait like this. What the fuck was this kid's deal? Well, he was not at all a kid, definitely a man, as evidenced by the weight and very well shaped, perfect curve of ass currently in his lap. And god, he smelled good up close like this. Fuck, this was turning out better than he'd imagined. He ran his hand up his back, feeling muscles even through the expensive fabric of his clothes, until his hand came up to the back of his neck. Purring close to his ear, he inhaled deeply. "Oh, the sex is definitely going to be good, darling, I can guarantee that right now. I'd reserve judgement on everything else until you've tried...this, first," he said, his other hand wandering up Adam's inner thigh as he rocked him in his lap only enough to let him feel the swell forming along his own pant leg.

Adam was suddenly very attuned to Nigel. To his musky clean scent, tinged with cigarettes that oddly enough, he didn't mind. He looked at the flecks of color in his eyes, then down to his lips, and grabbed his face, leaning in to kiss him almost out of need. It wasn't what he'd anticipated, and Will would likely be angry for having to wait out in the car, but then again negotiations could take a while. The brunet ground his hips down, his cock fully hard as he pulled back from the liplock and waited to see Nigel's reaction. But there was one more thing he needed to say. "Yes, it will be good, Nigel. I think we'll both reserve our judgement until later, right now I just want to focus on this, even if it's not my usual standard of business practice."

"Thank fuck for that," Nigel whispered, and ran his other hand to the edge of Adam's perfect, bearded jawline, bracing his head there as he licked into his mouth slow and deep. This was raw, animal attraction right here. He slipped the hand he had around the back of his neck to his chest and began slipping thick fingers under his buttons, feeling hot, smooth skin and brushing his lips down his neck with hungry, demanding kisses.

"Oh…" Adam breathed, sucking Nigel's tongue when he reclaimed his mouth, and started undoing his shirt off too, his actions becoming more heated. They were needy, wanting, both men feeling that primal urge that was evidence of a clear cut connection. Maybe it was fated, or maybe it was just this night. Adam didn't know, but right now all he could was this; he couldn't stop, he didn't *want* to. Once both of their shirts were removed, he pressed against him, smooth chest to furry, rolling and undulating his hips insistently. "You're so hard," he whispered roughly, but still somehow softly, and rubbed his beard against his jaw before biting at his full lips. Adam wasn't a virgin, but he'd never felt anything like this before.

"Of course I'm fucking hard, look at you, darling. You're a goddamned work of art, for god's sake. How' the fuck did an angel like you end up in this business? You could be a model," he groaned, and rubbed broad palms over his smooth chest. Pinching rosy nipples, he tried to touch everywhere at once, down his back, cupping his ass and grinding up into him, now fully hard, his cock snaking down his pant leg and pressing against the back of Adam's thigh.

"Thank you. I ended up here because of hard work, and due to my sharp mind," Adam explained, with a moan, but he found himself blushing at the compliment. "Also it is in my family. My father and his side that is." One thing was certain, he liked it when his nipples

were stimulated, so he reached to do the same to Nigel, leaning down to lick at the tattoo on his neck. Without another word, he got off his lap, and undid his belt, unzipping his pants right in front of Nigel. Adam pulled out his cock, gripping it around the base, then looked at Nigel's mouth. "Suck me, then I will do you."

Nigel's jaw dropped but he wasn't going to ask any questions. He was way too fucking turned on for anything else, and he looked up at Adam, his amber eyes burning crimson red. Normally, he was the one to make such demands, but this bold, demanding beauty intrigued him at every turn, and he felt completely spellbound by those mesmerizing sea-blue eyes. He focused on the dark, rosy, cut tip, the glans dark and exposed, and licked over the head before sucking it, swirling around and taking more in. His hands braced themselves on the younger man's thighs, and he marvelled to himself just what the fuck he was doing as he moaned around Adam's cock, savoring the taste.

Adam let his head fall back, his fingers slipping into Nigel's hair as his trousers dropped half down his flexing, muscular ass. He rolled his hips, looking down at the man who was sucking his cock. It felt so good, and were he a different minded man, it might feel powerful too, but he wasn't someone who used people that way, even if he was a mob boss. "Oh, Nigel-" he gasped, his turgid flesh twitching inside his mouth, plump balls dangling between his thick, toned thighs.

The Romanian gripped Adam's round ass cheeks, one in each hand, squeezing hard and pulling him closer as he sucked. Fucking hell, he didn't usually find this kind of thing to be this much of a turn on, be he was hard as a rock, he own cock leaking right through the fabric of his own dress slacks as he bobbed up and down Adam's dick, wet and sloppy. He reached between his legs and touched his balls; he knew he loved having his own balls played with, and had no fucking idea if this guy did or not. But they were so fucking fat and furry, dangling there, he wanted to feel them.

After a few more minutes of pure enjoyment, Adam moved back and leaned over Nigel, kissing his swollen lips. He dropped to his knees and undid his pants, tugging them down and off. Without a word he took his cock into his mouth, laving his tongue over the slit, tasting him, and then forming a seal. He suckled, his hand rolling Nigel's balls, and a muffled moan escaping his throat. He liked his taste, very much in fact, and took him down as far as he could. Adam was nothing if not focused.

Nigel groaned, hands flying forward into Adam's curls, massaging his scalp. Fucking hell, he wasn't even kidding. He was so fucking good at this. The Romanian bucked his hips without meaning to, fucking up into his mouth twice before he was able to stop himself, mumbling curses under his breath in his native tongue. When he felt his head hit the back of Adam's throat, he almost came, but instead bit his own lip hard enough to make it bleed. "Oh, fuck...God fucking damn…" he whispered.

Adam took each thrust into his mouth with ease; he'd anticipated that might happen, so he opened his throat and swallowed him down. The younger man buried his face in Nigel's groin, red lips working, and tongue slathering his thick olive tinged shaft. He reached down with his free hand and continued jerking his own cock, his chest heaving with each lust filled breath.

After a few moments of working him over, he popped off, licking his lips. “I’m glad you like it.”

“Jesus fuck, you’re unfucking believable. God, I have to eat that gorgeous fucking ass so I can fuck you, gorgeous, yeah? Bend over, I’m gonna make you come so fucking hard,” he rasped, rubbing his thumb over Adam’s swollen lips.

“Okay,” Adam whispered, and got up, getting onto his knees on the couch, his ass out. He looked over at Nigel sitting next to him - he noted that the Romanian had tucked his cock back inside his boxer briefs- and licked his lips, his eyes lidded and lust blown. “Here good or would you like me someplace else?”

“Right here. Perfect, just perfect.” Nigel tugged at his trousers and kicked them off, shucking off his dress shoes as well, cock tenting sleek, tight black boxer briefs, his erection filling the front obscenely. He kept them on and knelt behind Adam, spreading open his cheeks and gripping the heavy cock that hung between his legs. He licked over the pretty pink hole. “Goddamn. Even your asshole is gorgeous, darling,” he marveled, swirling it with his tongue.

“Oh Nigel….” Adam moaned out loudly, wondering if Nigel’s elusive brother was home, and if he heard. It didn’t matter really, he trusted the man would make sure they’d not be interrupted. His whole body was on fire at the swipe of that tongue, his cock even harder than it had been if that was possible. It felt so good, the double stimulation, and his eyes rolled back in his head, as it lolled down below his shoulders. “Thank you… oh yes-”

Nigel stroked his cock rhythmically and began laving a wet trail between his balls and over his hot entrance until he finally pressed further, inserting the tip of his tongue and penetrating him. He used his index finger, thoroughly coating it with saliva before breaching him, licking all around as he began slowly moving in and out. He replaced his finger with his tongue, spearing inside as deep as the firm muscle could with greedy moans as he jerked him off. “Mmmm….”

“Fuck-” Adam cursed, not something he did often, but again, it had its purposes. He drew a breath, his cock throbbing and hole clenching around Nigel’s thick digit. His arousal churned in his groin, hot and thick, preparing for evacuation. Still, he held it back, not wanting to come just yet even if Will was waiting. With another groan, Adam started fucking back against his finger and tongue, clearly wanting more.

The motion of Adam’s hips rocking back and forth against his face and fingers was hot as all fuck. Greedy, gorgeous little angel, look at him, eager for more like a perfect whore. Nigel loved it. He couldn’t wait to get balls deep in this beauty. Adding a second finger, he gave him just what he wanted, twisting his wrist a bit and spitting in his palm to add a bit more slick as he stroked his cock. He could feel the pads of his fingertips when they reached him deeper inside, and he paused on the inward thrust to brush gentle circles, enough to stimulate just so. Kissing up his back, he whispered in a heavy rasp, “How does that feel, darling? Fucking good, yeah?”

It certainly wasn’t common place for Adam to do this; he was anything but a whore, but there was something about Nigel - an instant connection - that fueled him into action and surprised himself. They were enemies, rivals, and they didn’t belong together like this, but here they

were. Huffing out another moan, Adam nodded, his spine curving beautifully. He bit his own lower lips and managed to look back at Nigel. “Y-yes, it’s good. Really good. I’m ready for sex now.”

Nigel moaned at Adam’s blunt declaration. “God yeah. Fuck. Let’s go to my bedroom, I have lube and condoms. Follow me, gorgeous,” he said, picking up their clothes and stumbling a bit before gesturing down a hall to his master bedroom.

The entire room was black and grey, accented in silver and white. A large piece of artwork hung above the bed - an abstract painting that was a simple white canvas with what appeared to be red blood spatter pattern across it.

Nigel led Adam to the edge of the large, plush looking bed and laid down. “Come here, gorgeous. Do you prefer to be on top?” he asked with a dark smile.

Adam looked at the decor. He didn’t mind it and it wasn’t off putting, except maybe for the bright red of the blood looking paint. He thought it was understated though, the rest of the room, and liked it. That wasn’t the focus anyway. He walked over to Nigel, curls hanging in his eyes, and rubbed at his own beard. He found that was soothing and laid next to him. “I can be on top if you’d like, but since I took the lead initially, you may do so now if you’d like?”

Nigel sat up and pulled Adam to him, sweeping his tongue over his lips and licking into his mouth with a hungry growl. His hands roamed everywhere; his chest, back, ass, thighs, until he finally pushed him to the bed, flat on his back. “Fuck it, you’re fucking right. I’m on fucking top, gorgeous,” he moaned, pushing those thick thighs up. He paused for a moment to pull open his side drawer and rifle though, locating lube and a condom, barely able to grab them as he couldn’t bear to take his eyes off the beauty sprawled on his bed. Fucking hell, what a sight he was. Thick chocolate curls, tightly styled beard and those big blue eyes. Nigel cursed himself. Even the odd, overly confident little way about him was alluring as fuck.

With a wanton nod, Adam spread his legs wide, bearing all of himself once more to Nigel. It really was beyond him as to why he was doing this so soon. He’d read about instant attractions, but he’d never really had something like this before. Then again, maybe it was just about the sex for Nigel, or a bargaining ploy. Time would tell, but he intended on enjoying this for the time being. Plus, they could talk afterwards. He watched Nigel get the condom on, his eyes flicking from amber, and down his body, then back up again. His heart was beating a little faster, skin dewy, and chest rising and falling from the anticipation. The beauty didn’t say anything else yet, waiting for him to get ready.

Nigel knelt and rolled the condom down his thick, veiny shaft, slicking himself up generously with lubricant as he stared at Adam lustfully. He poured more over Adam and slipped his fingers in one more time, then lined himself up, and biting his bottom lip, he pushed in, driving to the hilt in one thrust. He dropped down over his body and took his mouth, kissing Adam hard as he groaned.

“Nigel-!” Adam cried out, his walls coming down bit by bit with the handsome man. Searing pleasure burned in his body, warming him throughout, and he clutched the sheets at his sides. Taking a breath, he looked into Nigel’s eyes, seeking, and trying to figure out what this meant

to him, but mostly all he could do was think about just how amazing this felt. He wrapped his legs around his hips, fingers going into his long ashy blond hair.

“Fuck yeah, oh god Adam,” he groaned, pushing his head to the side and licking up the side of his neck. The sweat that was building up tasted so fucking good to him, but more than that, the silky heat of his ass sucked every inch of his thick uncut dick better than anything in his entire life. His started a rough pace, grunting animalistically, hair falling in his face. “God you fit fucking perfect...”

Adam was so close, so so near his release. He’d never been taken this way, never felt so good, and one with someone else. He lolled his head back against the pillow, giving Nigel all the space he wanted as his fingers slipped back through his hair. The blue eyed beauty tightened his hold on the Romanian’s body, moaning over and over. “I’m about to orgasm, oh Nigel-”

Nigel knew it was fast, but they’d done a fucking hell of a lot and the connection between them was like nothing he’d felt before in his life. Bracketing thick biceps on either side of Adam’s head, he pounded into him harder, balls slapping against him, sucking his tongue and moaning, growling like a wild beast. “Yeah, fucking come on my cock, gorgeous, oh fuck, I’m gonna jack you off so you come so hard,” he rasped, and did exactly that, stroking him the way he would himself, with a purpose, palm slapping against his belly.

Not able to hold back, Adam exploded. Hot, creamy seed spurted between them as his breath was nearly fucked out of him. His hole convulsed, his tongue moving with Nigel’s as he watched him move like a savage lion. It was really sexy, and he could barely think straight. “Oh Nigel, oh, yes, yes, yes-!”

The Romanian roared, fucking him hard and fast enough to shake even his sturdy bed, his long, dirty blonde hair hanging in his face, sweat dripping down long, tanned muscles. A few moments later, he was coming too, thumbs bruising Adam’s pale hips as he drove into him and spilled into the thin sheath covering his shaft. Cursing loudly, he gradually slowed and pulled out, carefully taking off the condom, tying it off and tossing it into the trash bin beside his bed. He collapsed beside Adam with a grunt and a smirk, pulling him into the crook of his arm. “Fucking fantastic, darling,” he murmured.

Adam turned on his side, in his arm, to look at Nigel, at his eyes, then his brow. He smiled. “Yes it was really exceptional.” He licked his lips contemplating. When should they talk about the issues? Will was still waiting outside. It would be rude to get up right after sex, and honestly, he didn’t want to. What if Nigel wanted him to? So many things were swimming around in his head. “When do you want me to leave?” he blurted out, needing to know, so he could then either call Will, or get dressed.

Nigel ran his fingers down Adam’s cheek, a bit of a smitten look in his beryl-gold eyes. “There’s no rush, love. You don’t have to leave unless you want to. I rather enjoy having you right here, you know. That is, unless big brother is demanding you be running back at a certain hour. Hopefully he didn’t give you a curfew, because I really, really am enjoying this,” Nigel purred softly, pulling Adam’s fingers to his lips to kiss them.

“Actually he’s out in the car,” Adam said, his tone flat, but his eyes softened with the kiss. He was glad he didn’t have to leave, though the concept was still strange considering his actual intention in coming there to begin with. He sat up. “I need to call him and tell him to go home.”

Nigel brightened at that, pleased Adam was willing to stay. “That sounds perfect to me,darling. I have everything here to make you comfortable. Spare toothbrush, toiletries, nightclothes, though you definitely won’t be needing them. I’ll show you where the master bath is if you’d like to clean up. I’m going to do that myself while you call him, yeah?” he said, leaning close to kiss those beautiful, damp red lips.

“Thank you, Nigel,” Adam said sweetly, not nearly as cocky as he had been to start with. The truth was, beneath his well crafted dominant exterior, he was loving and kind. Rubbing his beard he kissed him once and reached over to get his phone, giving a nod in the affirmative. When Nigel left he called his brother, explaining he could go home, and that negotiations were going to last for hours more. Will of course was suspicious, nearly coming inside anyway just to make sure Adam wasn’t being forced to say all that, but when Adam gave Will their safety code word, he relented.

Adam hung up the phone, glad that was taken care of, then went into the bathroom to clean up and put on a spare pair of pajamas. Honestly, he didn’t know if he’d be able to sleep much. Strange home, bed, night clothes. It was almost panic invoking, but he hoped Nigel would ground him. They still needed to talk after all, so he laid back down, leaning against the headboard.

Nigel sauntered back to bed, clean but shameless in his nudity, slicking back his wet hair which looked much darker now that it was damp. He dimmed the lights and smiled over at Adam. “Everything good, darling?” he asked. Strange how comfortable he felt with him - a rival? One half of the controlling criminal faction of the territory he and his brother were hoping to at the very least begin operations in, maybe even take over someday, yet instead of feeling hostility, he was bewitched.

“Yes, he’s going home,” Adam answered, looking at Nigel. He really was handsome, sexy, and very appealing. He still wasn’t totally sure if he’d actually sleep there for the night, but he’d give it a try, see if he could. It would be a show of weakness if he let his mind get the best of him in front of Nigel, even if they weren’t exactly enemies now. What were they? He didn’t know...not yet, but he liked him. This whole situation seemed very forbidden. Adam was comfortable with Nigel though, which was another oddity. “Should we resume our talk?”

Nigel rolled to his side, not bothering to cover himself or any of his muscles, sexily distributed dark body hair covering lean, tanned skin. “Yeah, we can talk, gorgeous. About me and my brother rolling in on your turf, yeah? Is there any way we can work it out to maybe draw up some borders, agree to a cut, something? I’d have to run it by Hannibal of course but, we can work something out, right?” he purred in a deep voice.

“Maybe we should have our brothers present for the final talk? We… um, I don’t like lying but I don’t think they should know about what just happened. It’s really looked down on. I am open to coming to some sort of mutual agreement that would benefit us all, and not just because we had sex, but we will need to include them, yes,” Adam explained, liking the way

Nigel sounded but it didn't shape his decision on the matter. He had a business to run and they'd just had sex this once. While he hoped they might become more, he needed to make sure of his intentions, see if he could trust him, and then they'd have to deal with their brothers on the matter. Leaning forward, he kissed him softly. "Don't you think so too?"

Fuck, those lips and those eyes were going to be his fucking end. If Hannibal ever found out about this, he'd be in so much fucking trouble. He'd at the very least get a talking to about letting his dick think for him yet again, and he wasn't going to endure that. "Yeah, I agree. I'll get Hannibal down to meet with your brother and you and I, all one table, civil….now that you and I have a good rapport, things will go much fucking better. And there's definitely no reason my brother or yours need to know about our carnal indulgences. Especially because I really don't want this to be the only time, angel. That was far to fucking spectacular to happen only once, you have to agree, hmm?"

"I don't *have* to," Adam teased, then smiled, "but yes, I do. I would like it to happen again and I also think a civil table meeting is the optimal scenario. My brother can be….he's not very friendly or social. I'm not either, but he's not on spectrum like I am." It was the first time Adam had told Nigel that, and he didn't know if he'd know what it meant, but there it was. He certainly enjoyed the sex though, and was looking forward to more. Eventually, he'd want to tell his brother but not right now, not until things were settled and agreed upon.

"The spectrum? You mean like, Asperger's?" Nigel thought about that a moment. He'd heard of it, and now everything began to make sense. He could see how skilled as fucking it made Adam at his work...the seemingly emotionless behavior intimidated the fuck out of him at first, and it would be pretty fucking effective against most. The young man's looks didn't hurt either, though he didn't get the impression this one fell into bed with anyone. "Well, for what it's worth, I'm more of the anti social one. My brother's the fucking charmer, but he had an event tonight. Some fucking fancy soiree. Everyone fucking loves him. So in a way, maybe this worked out fuckin' perfect. I guess we'll see."

"Yes, Asperger's," Adam affirmed, surprised Nigel had heard of it. He didn't laugh at him, which was good too, so he leaned forward and kissed him again. Adam was happy with how things were going so far, and he hoped that Hannibal and Will would find some sort of common ground. "Maybe your brother and mine will get along. Like you said, we will see how it all transpires."

"I'll talk to him in the morning. But let's worry about all that later, yeah?" Nigel murmured, kissing Adam back, hands roaming down his body again and tongue probing his sweet mouth once more. Round two. Neither one of them minded, and Adam gave a nod, rolling over on top of Nigel. It would be a good night and had been already.

Chapter 2

Nigel made damn sure to meet Hannibal at his place to discuss the meeting. Even though he had his housekeeper clean the place after Adam left, he didn't trust that his brother and that nose of his would smell sex in the air, specifically, male sex, and seeing as how he'd known he was meeting the Graham's, it would be too convenient to connect the dots. Fortunately he wasn't suspicious with Nigel's in-person visit.

"It went well. At first I thought he was some fucking asshole tough guy but turns out he's on the spectrum. Aspergers," Nigel commented, sipping the coffee his brother had made and blowing smoke away from Hannibal, who simply stared at him. He tolerated the smoking as long as it was kept outside, but it wouldn't prevent him for disapproving.

Hannibal hummed and lifted an eyebrow. He was dressed in a dark red, silk robe and pajama bottoms, casual for the early morning hour and yet still looked incredibly regal. "I can imagine that would give him a great advantage in this business. Interesting. Did he seem amenable to discussing territory options, or boundaries? From what I've heard, his brother is incredibly unyielding and hostile, which gives me great pause."

Nigel snorted. "Yeah he mentioned Will is the anti-social one and that's why he came. I can't fucking imagine how badly that would've gone if they'd sent him instead. I think I actually have a decent rapport with this one. I can be pretty fucking charming myself you know," Nigel grinned.

Hannibal licked his lips. "I find that very difficult to believe, and frankly shocked you didn't wind up in an altercation. But I thank you for being on your best behavior, because we really do need to try and make nice with these men if we are to thrive in this city. I'm not sure we have many options left to expand the Lecter empire. We may need to join forces to grow. Perhaps even take over," Hannibal said with a spark in his eye as his lips curl into a smirk.

The younger brother shook his head and laughed. "One thing at a time. When do you want to meet with them? I'll make the arrangements through Adam. He's speaking to Will today."

"Tomorrow night. I'll make dinner - We'll have it here. Only fitting since my home is best suited for it."

Nigel nodded and pulled out his phone to text Adam. "Alright, I'll let him know…"

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"They want us to meet them at Hannibal Lecter's house tomorrow night for dinner."

Will looked at Adam, raising a brow. They - unlike the Lecter siblings - shared their home. Will wanted to keep watch on his brother, even if he knew he was capable and independent. Plus, their connection was strong, and while he was the anti-social one, Adam could be seen that way too because of the Asperger's. Together though, they found all the company they needed, especially when you added the dogs.

"I..." Will began with a huff, exhaling through his nose as he rubbed his beard. "You were gone all night last night. I find it hard to *believe* you didn't come to some sort of arrangement then."

"I told you, we couldn't come to a agreement. We decided that it would be better to include you and his brother."

Will sipped his coffee, leaning back in his chair, legs splayed out and the mug in his hands near his torso as Adam sat across from him at the table.

"I hear Hannibal is arrogant. He likes his possessions and parties. He's... wordy."

"Nigel's not like that. I liked him well enough. We didn't fight or anything."

"Which is strange considering I hear he's the hot headed one. Violent in a beastly sort of way."

Adam recalled the primal sex and swallowed his coffee, talking into the mug.

"I can see where he'd be that way."

Will raised both brows Adam's way, but then chalked it up to just how his brother worded things. Still... he could sense something. He shook it off. The empathic gangster didn't like being in his brother's head. It was invasive.

"Text him back, tell him we'll be in attendance. We need to come to some sort of an agreement, we can't have the Lecters trying to take over what we've worked hard to build. If it comes to blood, then maybe that's just fine."

"I'll text him. I don't think we need to go in with blood in our minds. I think w-we can work this out without that."

"We'll see tomorrow night, won't we?"

"Yes."

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Hannibal greeted the men at the door dressed impeccably in a dark blue, three piece pinstripe suit, a deep, crimson shirt beneath, his brown hair combed and parted perfectly. Nigel was right behind him in dark grey suit, his longer hair slicked back, no less dapper looking, though his tattoo lent him a far more dangerous look than his more elegant older sibling.

"Good evening, gentlemen, and welcome to my home. Please come in. I'm Hannibal Lecter, and I know one of you has already met my brother Nigel…" he gestured inside, extending a hand in greeting.

Adam, wanting to start this off peacefully, shook Hannibal's hand. He was wearing a white suit with a sky blue shirt under it, no tie, but the top was unbuttoned a few. It was hard not to stare at Nigel, especially when he looked like that, *especially* after what they'd been doing

the other night. He swallowed, and offered a smile, trying to focus more on Hannibal. “It’s nice to meet you,” he said, thinking he was handsome too, but not in the same way Nigel was. He let go of the hold and turned to Will. “This is my brother Will. Will this is Mister Hannibal Lecter, and that’s Nigel.”

Will had his glasses on, even if he didn’t need them. He was wearing a pair of brown wool trousers, a white shirt and a green tie. He’d rather be in his flannel but this was needed for the meeting. First, he looked at Nigel, his own blue eyes cold and evasive, then flicked over to Hannibal, finding him to be nothing spectacular. Of course he was handsome, elegant, but that wasn’t why he nor Adam was here in the least. Besides, it took more than good looks to catch his eye.

Will nodded his greeting, wondering why Adam was so informal about Nigel, but he let it go. With a sigh that was accompanied with his hands going into his pockets, he walked in after Adam. Clipped, uninterested, and ready to be home again already, he did add one thing in response to Hannibal. “Thanks, Mister Lecter.”

Hannibal shook Adam’s hand, finding Will’s reputation for being the anti-social one to be quite true already, but while normally he might take great offense, he felt instead curiosity. They both seemed a very unlikely pair for this business. Looks could be deceiving, though. Hannibal followed and stepped ahead of Will to guide them all to the dining room.

“I understand you’re a fisherman, so I have taken the liberty to prepare a seven course meal at the center of which we will enjoy trout,” Hannibal began, gesturing towards an elaborately set, long dining room table with four place settings. “Please be seated and I will bring out the Amuse Bouche.”

Nigel pulled out a chair without even thinking for Adam, his eyes flashing up and remembering that Will was there. He quickly changed his tack and slid into the seat himself to cover the gesture, his high cheekbones darkening. Will noticed, Adam, who was sitting down, didn’t.

The surly Graham brother sat down, looking from Nigel - suspiciously - then to Hannibal. “You didn’t have to go to all the trouble.”

Adam placed the cloth napkin in his lap and looked at Nigel, finally seeing the flush on his skin, and felt his own heat up, his foot brushed his, accidentally, which made him jerk back quickly. It earned him a look from his brother, who was feeling… things, from both of them. He rubbed his jaw. “My hobbies aren’t what we’re here to discuss, Mister Lecter, but it smells… good.”

It smelled great actually, but he wasn’t going to kiss his ass just because he made some big meal for them all. He wasn’t going to won over with loaves and fish, so to speak, and nor would Adam. Their livelihood was on the line, and their family name. Adam cleared his throat, he really just wanted macaroni and cheese, his chicken. Still, he really wanted this to work out, so he’d eat what he could if it tasted as good as it smelled. With a secret smile to Nigel, he glance to Hannibal next.

“It does smell good. I am not usually big on fish but I think this might be okay.”

“We begin with mandarin oranges and salmon mousse quenelles. For the wine, I’m serving a 1986 Murrieta, Marques de Rioja Castillo Ygay Gran Reserva Especial Blanco - essentially a white wine known as a rioja blanco wine. Full bodied with hints of roasted pineapple and dried apple, light enough to go well with the seafood tonight.” He served each of them, filling their glasses and sat down raising his. “Gentlemen, to a feast the the possibility of new beginnings. Cheers.”

Adam and Will both held up their glasses, uttering a cheers together. They drank from their glasses, then set both down, again in sync. They’d lived together so long that they almost had a twin like resonance about the way they did things, though they clearly had their own ways about them. It was Adam who spoke first after they’d settled.

“Mister Lecter,” he began, looking at Hannibal’s brow. “I assume your brother has caught you up on the things he and I’ve discussed?”

“Please, Adam, You may call me Hannibal,” the older man said in a smooth, honeyed accent. “Nigel did indeed mention a bit of it, yes.” Hannibal took a sip of wine, and turned his gaze from Adam to Will then. Looking more carefully at him, he realized beyond the barrier of those god-awful glasses, his eyes were incredibly blue. He was actually quite handsome - well he would be apart from his appalling clothes and grooming. But he needed to focus on the matters at hand, of course.

“Okay,” Adam said, seeing how Hannibal appeared to be more interested in his brother than talking more about the issues at hand. He frowned a little, and took a sip of his drink. Will was oblivious to Hannibal staring. He had him blocked out, just wanting this whole thing to be over with as soon as possible.

“We want your family to get off our territory. It’s ours through blood and sweat, and you’ve no right to come in thinking you can take it over,” Will said, gruffly, when he saw his brother - Adam’s - frown.

“Well, we want to come sort of an agreement,” Adam clarified, feeling panicked at being in the middle, even if Hannibal and Will didn’t know why he’d feel that way.

Interestingly, rather than provoke him, the open hostility in Will only made Hannibal arch a brow, cocking his head with an inquisitive, albeit thin, smile. He remained silent and looked over at Nigel, who was looking between Adam and Will carefully mid-bite. He stopped and set his fork down.

“It did sound as though you would be open to negotiations. After all, we have quite a bit to offer you, a lot to bring to the table, Will,” Nigel said, surprising even himself with his composure after the aggressive tone the elder Graham had taken.

“And… just what do you bring to the table?” Will asked, raising a brow at Nigel in question. He licke his lips, taking a bite, Adam doing the same. It was good, very good. “I am open to hearing that at least.”

"We are both open, and that is why we’re here,” Adam said, giving Will a stern look, his eyes cold and yet blazing at his brother. Will hadn’t seen that look pointed at him that way before,

especially not over their rivals. While he wasn't intimidated, he didn't want to upset Adam either, so he'd listen. Sure.

Hannibal picked up where Nigel had left off. "We have a substantial fortune from our inheritance. We are royalty from Lithuania, but ran into some political difficulties over there, as I'm sure you can understand. This is the land of the free, of opportunity. We've done our homework and know you certainly do run this city, but you aren't without enemies. Nigel and I would be willing to help you work against them. I understand some are from the Eastern European gangs, who happen to be your biggest threat right now. Since we speak many of those languages, we could easily infiltrate or even negotiate with them. Take them down. Anything you like. I believe that would be beneficial, don't you?" Hannibal was smooth, his voice flowing like warm honey across the table as he smiled at Will, never taking his gaze off him.

Nigel watched Adam, licking his lips while Hannibal worked on the decidedly grumpier of the brothers. He really hoped it worked. All he could think about at the moment was how fucking good Adam looked in that suit and how eager he was to kiss him again, though he really was trying to focus on the conversation.

"And *all* you want for this is to share our territory?" Will asked, incredulously. It seemed like a way for them to weasel in and take over in all honesty. They'd done just fine up to now, and they *were* actually the European threat at the moment. Will looked at Adam who was staring back at Nigel, and he rubbed his jaw, clenching it. "How do we know this isn't a manipulation or a trap? That this isn't just to wind us up and watch us go?"

Hannibal cleared his throat. "I don't wish to be rude, but would you allow me to bring out the next course, Will, if everyone's ready?" he said, moving his chair slightly back and looking at him with a smile.

So no answer to that question. Interesting, Will thought to himself. He nodded, thinking he'd need to talk to Hannibal alone after this was over if they'd not come to an agreement yet. "Yeah."

Adam was taking out of his reverie and took the last bite of the first course. "I think that's a good offer, and yes."

Hannibal brought out each course with a flourish, clearly proud of the artistry, design and delicious sensuality of his work. Smoked trout on baguette slices with champagne granita, mesclun salad greens with lemon vinaigrette served inside fresh asparagus, shrimp bisque flambe, pink grapefruit sorbet, trout filled with salmon mousse in a puff pastry, gaufrette potatoes, and finally, for dessert, a simple but rich cheesecake. He did the best he could to charm the two men, but clearly Will was a tough nut to crack.

Nigel made easy conversation with Adam, trying to be discreet though watching Adam eat was an exercise in an inhuman degree of restraint. He could tell Adam wasn't very thrilled with all Hannibal's dishes, but he was doing a good job of trying to be polite. Still, he didn't lie either. He told the elder Lecter if he wouldn't eat something. If it wasn't too bad, he pushed through. All Nigel was really focused on was those beautiful lips and big blue eyes, and Adam, on Nigel.

After they all finished eating, Will looked over at Hannibal, finishing his wine. “That was good, Hannibal. I’d like a word with you in private. Adam, keep Nigel company, please”

Adam was more than agreeable with that, and gave Nigel a secret smile. “Nigel, maybe you can show me the bathroom?”

Nigel furrowed his brow looking serious and set his napkin on the table, pushing his chair back. “Of course, right this way, Adam,” he said formally, walking ahead of him and guiding him down a hall. No, not that guest bathroom...maybe the one a bit further down…

Opening the door with a smirk, he stood in the doorway. “You have to go pretty bad I bet, hmm?”

“I did,” Adam whispered, glad they were upstairs and out of sight, having meant he had to go to be alone with him badly. He tugged Nigel inside the bathroom with him and kissed him with wild abandon, sucking his tongue into his mouth hungrily as his beard brushed up against his tanned skin. “I wanted to do this all night, Nigel.”

“Oh fuck, me too,” Nigel moaned, weaving his thick fingers into Adam’s hair, the other hand around his waist. He quickly turned him around and pushed him against the wall, biting roughly against his lips. “So hard to sit right there next to you and not take you right there on the fucking table, gorgeous…”

Adam hooked his leg around Nigel’s thigh, both arms around his neck as he canted his head to the side and kissed him hard. “Mhm, yes, it was very hard. It’s very hard right now,” he whispered breathlessly. Of course he was unaware of Hannibal’s ability to smell sex and other things, so that wasn’t a concern, but time was. “W-we don’t have long, I don’t think. But oh Nigel...I want you.”

Nigel had to exercise a lot of restraint to not rip the buttons right off Adam’s expensive shirt. He knew they wouldn’t have much time, though from the way his brother was eyeballing that surly Will, they might have just enough to at least ease some of the tension. With both hands around the sides of Adam’s head, he licked into his mouth hungrily before pulling back to expose his neck, grazing sharp teeth down the column of his throat, over the soft hair to sensitive bare skin.

His erection was clearly evident as he ground his hips against Adam. “Want you so fucking bad, and I’m gonna have you right here right now,” he huffed, hands skating down his body to quickly open Adam’s belt and dress pants.

Adam nodded, leaking from the tip of his reddened cock. The reached between them, undoing Nigel’s fly as well, and pulled them down just below the curve of his ass. He gripped his cheek with one hand as the other palmed his heavy girth in his hand. Oh god, he had never wanted someone as bad as he did Nigel. In a rushed motion, he let go long enough to step out of his shoes and pants, then crashed his mouth back into his, fingers slipping up the back of the Romanian’s shirt to feel out muscle and flesh. “Fuck me.. Fuck me hard, Nigel, please.”

Nigel moved Adam to the bathroom sink and picked him up, setting him on the counter and spreading his legs. Reaching down for his pants, he fished out his wallet to retrieve a condom and a packet of lube he'd brought in case this very event transpired. He tore the lube open with his teeth and deposited some of the contents into his palm, slicking himself up and running a finger over Adam's hole. Tossing the condom and the package next to Adam's naked backside, he lifted his thighs. "Don't wanna fucking hurt you, angel but I fucking need you," he whispered. "I have to do this fast, yeah?" Nigel said, and he pushed one thick finger in deeply, all the way inside Adam's tight body.

Adam nodded, and let inhaled sharply, feeling the pleasurable burn. His hole squeezed around Nigel's finger, his eyes burning into amber. Oh it felt so good though, getting exactly what he needed and where he needed it. It wasn't enough, just the one digit, but he knew what was to come. The blue eyed man leaned in and kissed Nigel hard, feeding from his mouth as he was worked open. "Mm… Nigel… more, more."

Sucking the lustful brunet's tongue into his mouth, his lips already swollen from brushing against his beard, he pushed a second finger inside, pumping in and out fast, knowing it was far too rough but aware how they didn't have long. His uncut cock was raw and aching. "I have more for you, angel, I know you want it...gonna make you come for me. Gonna make it so the only way you can come is for me, darling…"

"Nigel… Oh yes-" Adam moaned out, a little louder. Nigel might have to cover his mouth, Adam mused to himself, not minding that notion either. He burned his gaze into the other's, his cock throbbing with need as his ass sucked in those thick fingers that were working him open. It was so good, impossibly good, and hard to describe. He was lost for words, only able to nod, moan, and chant his name like a prayer- even if he didn't pray.

Fuck...Hannibal might hear that. Nigel covered his mouth with a kiss, eating those sweet sounds in an attempt to quiet them as he added a third finger, and with it, he knew it was too much. He fought against the strain of tight muscle pushing him out, biceps flexing, grunting roughly as he nearly punched Adam's ass in a fast cadence. Finally pulling out, he pulled away from his mouth and grabbed the condom, tearing it open and rolling it down his length. "Fucking have to have you now…"

"Yes please," Adam whispered, trying to be quiet, but he wanted him too. They'd only spent one night together, but there was such a connection that he felt comfortable with him already. It was almost unbelievable, and impractical, but neither one of them seemed to care, they just needed each other. When the condom was on, he pulled Nigel too him again, licking at his neck, then back up to his mouth, a find sheen of sweat covering his skin.

Nigel squirted the remnants of the lube on his cock and with his forehead pressed against Adam's he pressed his palm over his mouth to keep him quiet and drove in hard, gasping at how shockingly tight and hot Adam's body was. He held him still, trembling before pulling out almost completely and thrusting in deep again. His eyes burned with intensity, panting hard.

Adam's moans were muffled, but he kept his eyes on Nigel, be it his amber hues, or his lips. He younger man was alight with passion. His hole sucked him in, and it was a little painful

but oh god it felt so good. He wrapped his limbs around him and held on on. It wouldn't take him long to come at this rate.

Nigel began to pound faster into Adam, one arm secured around his waist, bracing him against his body and keeping his back from hitting the wall, the other muffling his moans of pleasure. He knew he'd come soon too, and from the way Adam's cock was slapping between them, coating them both in his pre come, he was sure the brunet would at any moment himself. "So fucking hot, so forbidden, fucking you in my brother's fucking bathroom like this? No one's supposed to fucking know, oh fuck, Adam...Adam, I'm gonna fucking come...Oh fuck…!" Nigel moaned, biting down on the side of Adam's neck just above his shoulder, a dark purple bruise blossoming on the pristine skin there.

Fortunately, Adam's suit would cover that mark, but at the moment, he wasn't thinking of it. What Nigel said, what he groaned out, was hot. It was sort of naughty what they were doing. No one knew that they were up here having sex. Really good sex too. Adam came then, writhing, his body tensing as the pearly come shot out of his cock between them. He grabbed Nigel's face after moving his hand and kissed him hard, his hole clamping down with a vice like grip to milk out Nigel's spend. "Oh!"

Nigel came at the same time, Adam's orgasm draining his balls of his load almost painfully hard, and with thundering intensity. He plundered his mouth, groaning as he thrust hard, rolling his hips over and over, not wanting it to end. "Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, oh Adam…" he whispered, gripping the back of his head and kissing him hard.

"Nigel…" Adam managed, then kissed him again, panting, and exhaling through his nose. He really liked sex with Nigel, really liked how he said his name, how it sounded on his lips. It was unexpected, meeting him - his presumed rival - and finding himself entangled in a what could only be described as a love story.

Nigel pulled out of Adam as gently as he could and tossed away the condom. "You okay, darling?" He asked, kissing him adoringly, fingers skittering over the bruise on his shoulder. He winced. "Fuck, baby...I hope this doesn't…"

"I'm fine, Nigel. I'm not fragile," Adam said, rubbing his beard. He didn't mean anything by it of course, but he was the leader of the Graham family. He smiled and kissed him though, holding his face gently. "I appreciate your concern, um, baby, but I think my clothing will cover the mark. I like it. It was really good. I like you a lot."

Nigel felt himself fall in - oh shit was it love?! - *something - a little more* - with Adam just the way he looked when he said that. Self assured, confident, pulled together, sweet, but not too sweet. Adam was strong, and Nigel was attracted like fucking catnip to him. He didn't need fucking anyone. Yet he still allowed Nigel's affection and care and just the whole fucking package...well Nigel knew he was getting into something he might not be able to get out of, and he wasn't looking where he was going. He knew he should be careful, that he was being reckless. "I like you a fucking hell of a lot too, Adam. Shit...I better get down there first before Hannibal thinks I fell in. Wait a bit and then come down, yeah?" He said, leaning in to kiss Adam again as he finished tucking and buttoning everything back up.

“Okay, good idea,” Adam said, kissing Nigel back and then he got up off the counter to compose himself. He felt strongly for Nigel too though, his heart raced around him, and he knew that all the signs of it where present. Love that is. Or soon to be. It was dangerous though, undeniably, and sneaky, but he couldn’t stop, or rather, didn’t want to. The Graham brother felt more alive than he had in years. Which was a funny expression, but one he understand, especially now. Nigel liked him too… that just kept playing over and over in his mind. What’s more? He believed him.

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Hannibal’s eyes continued to roam over Will freely as they ate, and he wondered if there was more behind why he was so uncomfortable and hostile. “Will, I want you to understand, I realize you’re under no obligation to assist us in any way. I know it certainly must look like we are merely here to weasel our way in and try to weaken you or take over, and I know you have no reason to trust me, to trust either of us. Trust is something earned over time, fought for and won. I just want to make it clear to you that my intention is to earn your trust, because I want to make you my ally, not my enemy.” Hannibal’s voice was silky smooth but confident as he spoke.

Truthfully, Will was half there. He was worried about Adam upstairs alone with Nigel. The fact that they’d been alone the night before comforted him though. He also thought it there was a strange feel to how they were both acting. He’d talk to his brother about that later. For now, he finished up his food and sipped his wine, cutting his eyes to make eye contact briefly with Hannibal. He smirked, set down his glass, then leaned forward on the table a touch. “You’re right. Trust takes time. I don’t...let people in, very often Mister Lecter.” Will’s words had bite, as they so often did. He looked at the elegant man and rubbed his jaw. “Why would I want to be your ally? I don’t find you that interesting.”

A barely perceptible smile ghosted over the older man’s lips, curved ever so slightly as the corners of his eyes crinkled and he examined him closely. Picking up his wine glass, he gently sniffed and not taking his eyes off, mused quietly. “You will.” He took a sip, and set it back down, gently clearing his throat. “Take your time and at least consider the offer, discuss it with your brother. I will give you my solemn word that until we reach an agreement, my men and I will not breach your territory. Is that satisfactory, Will?” he asked in a deep voice, invoking his name yet again in a familiar way.

Will raised his brows, liking that actually. It would give him and Adam time to contemplate, do a bit of research - or Adam would - and they could make choice without their territory being encroached on. He lifted his glass and gave a small smile, his eyes dilating, betraying his outward hostility. “That’s… good, yeah. Spose it is satisfactory, Mister Lecter.” He took a sip then, and licked his lips, holding eye contact before setting the glass down once more.

Hannibal’s nostrils flared, taking in the scent of the younger man’s anger, noting the way his beautiful blue eyes darkened, and he knew it immediately, saw it right there, lurking behind those messy curls. A predator. Of course being in this business he had to be, he wouldn’t be able to survive, but it was far more than that. Anyone can pick up a gun and shoot someone. It takes far more to rip someone apart, watch the life drain from them, appreciate the beauty and artistry in the act of the killing itself - not simply the impersonal, robotic mechanism of

shooting someone with a bullet. Hannibal was curious if what he scented from the brunet was true from him. He was seldom wrong. Time would tell. “Very good, then. Dessert?” he asked, getting up to clear the dishes once more.

“Sure,” Will answered, watching Hannibal when his back was turned. He found him attractive, clearly, but business was business. He’d done just fine without anyone else. Just himself, Adam, and their dogs. Leaning back, he stretched, sighing. Where was Adam?

Nigel came down the stairs, trying for all the world to look as casual as possible. He ducked out the back door to smoke in the hopes that what he couldn’t wash off in the bathroom, cigarette smoke would cover up. When he came back inside, Hannibal had laid out four plates of yet another variety of sorbet.

“Hannibal, what a meal. You’re the best, thank you,” Nigel said, patting him on the back as he sat down. Hannibal looked at him as he walked past, but said nothing, merely nodding.

“I’m pleased you enjoyed it. Quite pleased.” he said, looking down at his spoon and starting to eat.

Will gave them both a look, curious about their interesting interactions, but whatever. Not his problem. He was about to get up and go look for Adam when he heard him come down stairs a moment later. His hair was a little mussed, not quite as combed as it had been, but all and all he’d tried to make himself just as presentable as before. The slight flush and sheen to his skin was something that couldn’t be seen but Adam hoped they might just think he was defecating with difficulty.

“Oh, I guess I made it in time for dessert,” Adam said, looking at Nigel, then the Will, Hannibal, and the floor. He padded over and sat down.

“Yeah…” Will said, scratching his stomach.

Luckily they made it through dessert peacefully, and Nigel wondered what Hannibal said to Will to calm him down, but leave it to that old charmer to know the right thing to say. Whatever it was, they finished up and had a small drink, toasting to at least the possibilities of further negotiations, if not at least a temporary truce until Will and Adam could talk amongst themselves and decide what to do. Nigel didn’t want to see him leave but knew they had to even as they walked them to the door.

“Thank you for being open enough to have this meeting with us, gentlemen,” Hannibal said with a diplomatic nod. “And, I will make sure our men maintain the agreement I made with you, Will.”

“Thanks, Hannibal, ” Will said, using his first name as he nodded offering his hand to show some sort of peaceful gesture at least. While he did that, Adam gave Nigel a look, since the other two were busy, and offered his hand to him, mostly just wanted to touch him.

“Yes, um, thank you, Nigel,” Adam added, licking his lips as long lashes batted.

Nigel took his hand and squeezed it, licking his lips in response as well and smirking slightly. “Thank you too, Adam. I’m certain we’ll, be in, *touch* , yeah?” he said, lingering a bit before releasing his hand.

Hannibal’s scented the arousal pouring off his brother but simply shuffled the men out the door and waved, bidding them goodbye and closing it after them.

Turning to Nigel, he clicked his tongue. “You’ve been engaging in negotiations of your own, haven’t you, Nigel. Rather indiscreet and very dangerous if the brother finds out, don’t you think?”

Chapter 3

Will and Adam both were quiet on the drive home. Adam because he wasn't sure what to say, and Will because he was choosing his words before starting the conversation. He decided to wait until they were home in a more comfortable setting, and once they were in their sleep clothes.

About an hour later, they'd both gotten ready for bed, checked on the business updates from their men, and were now on the couch. Will was having a nightcap after having tended to the dogs, and Adam was sipping some orange soda.

"Adam," Will began, looking over at his brother. "Is there…. Something you want to tell me about you and Nigel?"

"No, there's nothing I want to tell you," Adam said, honestly. He didn't *want* to say a word.

Will chuckled, smirking, then sighed, rubbing his hand over his face. "Has there been something going on with you and Nigel, sexually, at any point in the past few days?" A more direct approach.

Adam frowned, and rubbed at his beard. Maybe he'd shave it soon. It was getting itchy and hot. "I…" he trailed off, not wanting to lie, but not wanting to get into it either. He set his drink down and started tapping his leg as tension took over. "I don't want to tell you, Will. You won't like the answer."

His brother's emotions hit him like a cold wave due to his empathy, and what he knew about how Adam was reacting. If he didn't cut this off at the pass soon, there'd be an explosion, and they were both already tired from the day's events.

"N-no, no, Adam, it's alright, you don't have to be… *upset* ," Will said, his words enunciated clearly, though he personally *was* upset. He tried to mask it though, not wanting to cause more issues. "However, I don't think I need to tell you why this is a *bad* idea, do I?"

"You don't have to tell me," Adam agreed, calming marginally, looking at Will. "I know it's not ideal business wise, but maybe it will be. Maybe it will help unify us all."

"You'd just let our business, the one we've worked hard to grow, be shared with these… other men? You don't know that Nigel really likes you, or that either one of us can trust Nigel or Hannibal." Will thought about Hannibal, there was a darkness there that was different from Nigel's, and seemed to match something inside himself that he'd kept back, and yet it wasn't like himself entirely. Identically different maybe.

"I believe Nigel likes me. I don't think he's lying. I'm not stupid, Will. I can't see what you can but I-I'm not stupid, or a child," Adam stressed, his brows drawn and mouth pressed in a thin line.

“I know you’re not stupid Adam, but you’re… good, despite this life we lead. I’m just asking you to think on it, okay? Proceed with caution. A lot is at stake.”

Adam took a breath and nodded. “Okay, I’ll think about it, Will. I want to go to bed.”

“Yes, we should get some rest,” Will said, then leaned over to hug his brother, more for the pressure and reassurance. Will wasn’t overly affectionate, but Adam was an exception.

It relaxed Adam, and then they let go, finishing their drinks, putting away the cups, and then heading to bed.

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“I don’t need you judging where I fucking put my dick, Hannibal,” Nigel growled, turning away and stalking back towards the bar to get a drink. As he poured one, Hannibal followed close behind.

“You know I’ve never told you what to do. But this will affect both of us. I’m close to gaining Will’s trust. As I think about it, it seems likely he’ll figure it out sooner rather than later. This puts us at a severe disadvantage in the negotiations.” The elder brother removed the glass top from a carafe of bourbon and poured some for himself, tossing it back quickly.

“I have a good feeling about Adam. My gut is never wrong. He’s different. He’s a fucking tough son of a bitch, he’s hard, he’s good but he’s not a liar. I know we can’t trust them of course completely, but Adam...I think there’s something there.” Nigel stared out the window almost wistfully and Hannibal looked pointedly at him.

“This is more than just a sexual conquest then... *Nigel Lecter* .” Hannibal walked away, shifting his jaw and sniffing his lips curled in disapproval. This complicated things gravely. A little crush he could abide, a sexual fling he was accustomed to, but he could see his brother was smitten deeply this time.

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Hannibal sat at his desk, fingers steepled, staring at his iPad at the information he’d been researching. It had been a week with no contact from the Grahams, and the plan he’d been researching was something he finally decided he was going to put into action.

Even in the strongest fortress one could find a weakness. It wouldn’t be hard to force their hand with a distraction. He would simply need to encourage them to make the right choice.

***

Will was stubborn, despite Adam's advice. A week later and he wasn't sure at all if they should trust the Lecters. Nigel seemed...alright, he supposed, but Hannibal? There was just something that Will couldn't shake. The alarms surrounding his forts were going off.

It was disturbing and yet the imagery of the handsome man's face seemed to haunt him, even in his dreams. Why was he so appealing? Hannibal tugged at the darkest corners of his mind. Which was all the more reason not to trust him. He just needed more time.

Adam was reading, and Will was idly petting one of the dogs when the phone rang.

"I'll get it," Will said to Adam, though he usually was the one to answer phone calls since Adam wasn't big on being on the telephone. It was their business cell. So he leaned to grab it and pushed accept.

After listening, Will sighed, scrubbing his hand over his face.

"When did this happen? The *whole* shipment has been taken? It just what? It vanished?" Will asked, Adam looking up from his book then and furrowing his brows as he listening, watching his brother start to pace.

"Get our best men on it, what's left of them, all of them, now!" Will hung up and looked at Adam.

"The shipment from Columbia?" Adam asked, book put aside for now. This was bad, he could tell, Will hardly ever raised his voice.

"Yes... some other gang, or at least we suspect as much. Italians likely. The *Pazzi* family. Rinaldo Pazzi, is their leader as you know," Will said with irritation tinging his tone. He took a shaky breath, but it wasn't fear that gripped him, it was anger. Anger not only because of what had just happened, but because of what it meant. "They've stayed to themselves until now. Something must have set them off, if it *was* them. They killed twenty of our best. We...we need reinforcement-"

"We can talk to Hannibal and Nigel! They did say this might happen, or Hannibal did." Adam pointed out.

Will gave Adam a look at that, his mind turning. He was going back in his mind to try to break it down, the pendulum swinging. He might have made a good profiler, had he not chosen this way of life, but that was not the point now. Either way, he was wound up. Felt like someone had twisted their fingers and turned the key. A game. Someone wanted to watch him go, but who? With a nod, he sucked his lower lip through his teeth. "Text Nigel, set it up. We're paying the Lecters a.... *visit* . We will put their supposed loyalty to the test."

Loyalty or death. One way or another, Will needed to find out if the Lecters really wanted to combine forces.

***

Nigel's phone vibrated with a text from Adam, and his heart pounded. The two had met a few times secretly, unable to keep away from each other, but it had been short, quick, passionate bursts, both trying to make sure their men didn't know, trying to not stir things up and further between their brothers, even though they knew. Neither side wanted to acknowledge or talk about it; the best they could do was meet privately and keep it as quiet as possible.

So when Nigel got Adam's text that he wanted to meet with Will and bring Hannibal, he was shocked to say the least.

Nigel walked into Hannibal's office, hands in his pockets, not bothering to knock. "There's been an attack on the Grahams."

Hannibal looked up in complete shock at Nigel, his face falling. "What?"

Nigel sat down and nodded. "The Pazzi's, one of the Italian gangs. They intercepted one of their biggest shipments."

Hannibal rubbed his jaw. "Well, this is a strange development. Perhaps it could work to our favor."

The men chatted a bit longer, contemplating, and around an hour later there was a knock at the door. When Hannibal opened it, and let them inside, Will began.

"I assume that Nigel has filled you in?" Will muttered with a sigh, as Adam took the opportunity to look at Nigel.

Nigel's brow furrowed with worry as he looked at Adam with concern; though he could see he wasn't physically hurt and knew Adam wouldn't get non-verbal cues, he couldn't help but feel deep concern, and in honesty he wanted to take him in his arms and kiss him, hold him, but he knew he couldn't. It pulled at his heart, the need, but he remained where he was, all too aware of their brothers in the room and the situation at hand.

Hannibal, meanwhile, nodded stoically. "He said you'd had a shipment intercepted. Stolen. An attack from the Italians. The Pazzis, I hear, Yes?" he asked, his face remaining relatively impassive and unreadable as he calmly examined Will, taking in the agitation sparking visibly through his body like a live wire.

"That about sums it up, Mister Lecter," Will grumbled, placing a hand in his pocket, stretching the fabric taut against his ass as he paced the room. Adam did notice the furrow of Nigel's brow. He knew that meant worry, but he didn't know why Nigel was worried. Not exactly. He assumed it was over the attack.

"We will lose a lot of money if we don't get it back. One point two million, and three tenths," Adam explained.

Will waved an idle hand. "What Adam said, yes. So, that leaves us here. At your home," he began, taking in a breath as he stopped pacing and turned to face Hannibal. "The question is, why did they attack *now?* It seems all too coincidental, but either way, Adam and I need to know if you both still want to come to an understanding. Do you?"

Hannibal's gaze discreetly but nonetheless hungrily traced the delicious curve of Will's backside as he licked his lips and pretended to thoughtfully formulate a reply. "Most certainly. We are glad you called. I'm most certain we will prove our value, however it will rest in your hands once the job is done and you examine the results." Hannibal glanced at Nigel and back at Adam, then Will. "Give us forty-eight hours. We will cut them down, secure your goods, and ensure they never make an attempt like this again," Hannibal said with quiet confidence. Nigel said nothing, but inside he wondered how exactly the fuck Hannibal planned to do all that.

“Then we’re agreed,” Will said as Adam nodded. The empath rubbed his chin, not loving the fact that they had to come to the Lecters, but if this was successful, it would prove a lot. Still, he couldn’t help but try to figure out how this all happened, and so quickly, seemingly out of nowhere. Granted that happened sometimes in their line of work, gangs could strike without warning, but it was peculiar.

“Thanks,” Adam said to Hannibal, then looked at Nigel with a smile. He wanted time alone with him, but he had no idea how to go about that with everyone around.

Hannibal crossed his legs. “We do have an advantage right now in that the Pazzis don’t know we’re at all involved with you. They won’t anticipate us, so while they may know your tactics or men, they know nothing of ours. Leave it to us, and we will contact you when it’s safe to do so and we have news. I know you may be wary, but our name and livelihood are at stake. I do not make these promises or undertake this lightly, Will.”

“Alright, Hannibal” Will agreed, using his first name as Adam nodded his consent. He moved to stand beside his brother. Both dangerous beauties just lined up like a feast. The Graham family wasn’t weak by any means but bringing the Lecters in on this could prove to be essential. Will knew Hannibal was right. “If this is trail alliance is successful, then I spose we will have an agreement.”

Nigel didn’t know what his brother had up his sleeve, but he knew he wasn’t going to let Adam get put in jeopardy, not with how he was starting to feel about the handsome dark-haired man. “We won’t fail you,” he added, looking straight at Adam. “We do want to make this work, for both of our sakes, you can fucking count on it.”

Adam’s eyes lit up at that, and he held Nigel’s gaze, as his brother looked on with raised brows. He smiled at Nigel, not paying Will any attention.

“We believe you, Ni-- *both* of you, and know this new alliance will be successful and profitable for us both. Should we drink to it? I can help you bring out something?” Adam suggested, plus, he’d get some alone time with Nigel that way.

“That’s a good idea, Adam, why don’t we get some whiskey to toast, hmm? Give me a hand? Hannibal has a twenty-one year old Scotch begging to be had, and I only have two hands,” Nigel said, licking his lips and nodding towards the kitchen.

Hannibal deliberately avoided looking at Nigel, gaze remaining on Will. He could see trust was difficult for the young man, and knew this was hard for him. “He’s right, and we don’t make promises lightly. We will seal this with a drink. Nigel, go get the drinks.”

Nigel turned to leave, casting Adam a look. Adam walked quickly behind Nigel, both men disappearing into the the other room.

When they were out of sight, Will looked at Hannibal. *Really* looked. “I’ve not been….agreeable with your family so far, and you still want to help us. You can speak freely, we’re alone now.”

Hannibal crossed the room slowly, edging closer to Will like a cat, almost gliding over the floor. “You’re very unique, Will, and there’s something special in you that I admire. Something that intrigues me that I want to know more about. I admit, at first this was simply about territory and doing what was best for my business. But in speaking with you, in our interactions, the man behind this business has lured me further. You told me you didn’t find me interesting, however quite the opposite is true for me. I don’t wish to make you uncomfortable, Will, but it’s true,” he said, voice smooth as honey, accent thick and deep. He drew closer, invading Will’s atmosphere so he’d be able to take in his scent and feel the warmth from him. Not too close, only close enough to let him feel just *enough* . A tease.

Will felt… a little invaded. No, very. Almost more than enough but not so much as to make him close up entirely. The man knew what he was doing, he had to give him that. He drew in a sharp breath, licking his lips as he met his eyes fully, holding his gaze. “I *lured* you? Well that’s because I’m a good fisherman,” he smirked, his jaw shifting from left to right. A diversion tactic, just long enough let him to get his bearings. “I find you interesting now, Hannibal, and I no longer want to… end our association.”

Golden eyes darkened as they drifted to wet lips and the way his defined jawline jutted out, a stubborn chin that only made Hannibal want to tame him even more. A challenge, one he knew would not be easily won. It only made him want more. Hannibal grew more drawn in with every passing second. “Evidently. That’s good, because I like you a lot, Will, and I do truly think we could benefit each other a great deal if we work together. Of course I don’t expect you to simply take me at my word. We will first take care of your Pazzi problem and then you can decide if we are worth keeping around.” Full lips curved up at the ends, charming, seductive, like the devil he was in his finest suit.

Will’s eyes were dilated, his heart beating just a little faster. He liked him too, truth be told. What was it about the Lecters? Adam was the first to be struck with Cupid’s bow, and while Will wasn’t *there* yet, he could certainly see why it wouldn’t be impossible to be. One day. Maybe. With a cunning, coy grin, he leaned in, closer to Hannibal, holding his gaze, with a lifted brow. “See that you do take care of it, Hannibal, because there is a lot... *riding* on the outcome.” A double entendre, a bit of insinuation, subtext, to let him know he liked him too, but still hadn’t decided if this was all worth it.

Hannibal’s nostrils flared as he inhaled the scent of arousal from Will and noticed the black expanding across sea blue. Beautiful. He could see how Nigel had been taken by the brother; these Graham’s were tempting indeed. Coupled with that keen confidence, the bold flirtation, he felt the electricity between them charging the air; this time it was the Lithuanian beryl eyes dilating with desire. Leaning a fraction of an inch too close, close enough to breathe the same air, his eyes lowered to Will’s mouth and back to his eyes. “I am very aware of what’s on the line, and I will come through for you,” he said, voice rumbling deep from his chest, a beat too long before stepping back again.

“Good,” Will all but whispered, clearly enunciating the word, his lips forming a perfect ‘O’. He felt his cock throb, and when drew a breath it was almost shaky. Almost.

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Nigel didn't bother even reaching for the whiskey, instead pinning Adam against the counter to steal a quietly breathless kiss first. "Sorry...just needed…" he whispered.

Adam hummed his replied and then kissed him again, wrapping his arms around Nigel, his tongue seeking desperately. He moaned quietly, practically crawling over him. "Nigel…"

"I know we're just in here for the drinks but, fuck, Adam…" Nigel moaned, fingers tangling in Adam's hair, his other hand around his back, pressing his body against him. Teeth clashed together, swirling his tongue around, hips grinding against his as his cock swelled. "We can't but...after...when they're done...can we meet?" Nigel said, his voice rough, tone pleading. "I need you so fucking bad, angel....please…"

Adam nodded, his own cock hard and leaking. He kissed him once more then stopped, so they wouldn't be hard. "Okay yes. I need you too Nigel. I'm hard as fuck," he said, still remembering the need for the language sometimes. He smiled, and rubbed his thick beard over his lover's face. "We may meet. I want too."

Nigel growled at that, rubbing his lips over Adam's beard; he slid a hand down to the front of his trousers and palmed over his erection, squeezing his impressive length. "Alright gorgeous. Let's get them their drinks and get rid of them so we can get the real business underway, hmm?" he grinned, kissing down his neck. He pulled away and winked, going for four tumblers in the cupboard and fetching the bottle of scotch to pour.

"Yes. Good idea, Nigel," Adam agreed, his skin still burning from Nigel's lips, metaphorically. He wanted so much more, and he couldn't recall a time when he'd ever been so passionate about another person - especially with how particular he was to touch. The Lecter brother seemed to know how to push all the right buttons. With a smile, Adam smoothed down his shirt, adjusted his cock, then fixed his hair. After that, he washed his hands, and helped Nigel take the drinks.

Nigel carried them in with Adam and was a little surprised when he walked in to see the look on Hannibal's face as he stared at Will. Was his brother fucking checking Will out? Interesting. He smirked and handed him the tumbler. "Gentlemen? To taking care of business and eliminating the fucking Pazzis, yeah? Cheers!" he said, clinking his glass to Adam's, Hannibal's, and Will's.

Adam didn't notice anything but Will noticed Adam. Shit. They were in the kitchen doing things. An image that there wasn't enough mind bleach in the world for. Both brothers clinked their glasses with the Lecters, then each other.

"Cheers," Adam said, and Will nodded his before they each took a sip.

They talked briefly amongst themselves, mostly small talk, but Nigel was none too subtle in trying to hustle the conversation along and get the two of them out of there, and Hannibal looked at him quizzically. It seemed strange, though he didn't contradict him when Nigel used the excuse that he and Hannibal had other business to attend to, in fact he played along.

"We do have a conference call with an associate in Lithuania, in fact a lunch call, and it's nearly time now," he said, checking his Rolex. " We don't intend to be rude…"

“No worries at all, we have things that need our attention too, don’t we Adam?” Will asked, feeling a bit annoyed at the brush off from Hannibal, but he didn’t want to be there much longer anyway. The dogs needed to be taken out.

Adam was sad, he took this literally of course, and assumed Nigel had changed his mind about their meeting, so he nodded. Maybe they did need to focus on getting things set right with their business. “Oh, um, yes, we do actually. Thank you for the drinks and for the assistance.”

Hannibal nodded. “Of course. We will be in touch when we have accomplished everything. Thank you, both, for coming over,” Hannibal said, escorting them to the door.

Nigel cast a longing look at Adam, concerned for the expression he wore and uncertain why he looked a little tense.He pulled out his phone, ready to send him a text as soon as they left. “Yes, thank you, *both* ,” he said quietly.

Adam nodded, then left with Will after a goodbye. He was quiet until he got into the car.

“Are you alright, Adam?” Will asked, raising brows at Adam. Something must have went wrong but if his brother didn’t want to talk, he’d not push.

“Yes.”

“You’re sure?”

“Yes, Will. Let’s go home.”

Will sighed through his nostrils, cranking up the car. “I think that went alright.”

“Yes, the business has been handled for now.”

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Thank fuck I got Hannibal to finally shut up. Think you can ditch Grumpy and meet me at my place, gorgeous? Thirty minutes? Want to finish what we started...

Nigel hastily pecked out the text.

“It’s absurd you’re trying to hide this when Will knows already, Nigel. What’s the point?”

Nigel looked up. “Don’t mix business with pleasure. My pleasure is neither of your fucking business,” he snapped, grabbing his leather jacket and heading out the door.

***

Adam and Will arrived at the house, Will more and more irritated with the whole situation. Still, he took care of the dogs, and when the phone dinged, the message was read. A simple reply of, *“Yes, Nigel. I’ll be there in thirty minutes,”* was sent.

It didn’t take too long to get there, and soon there was a knock on Nigel’s door.

Nigel left his shirt opened all the way down his chest and his jeans fly open, swinging the door open. His jaw dropped when he saw who stood in the doorway, and he scrambled to zip himself back up, his half hard cock receding.

“Will? What...ahh...well, sorry, come in. I wasn’t, uhh…” he stammered, stepping aside as he buttoned his shirt up, cheekbones darkening.

Will’s jaw shifted, is that how Hannibal might look? He cleared his throat, having kept his eyes off him as much as he could, but he’d already seen too much. Furthermore, the thought of Nigel greeting his *brother* that way? Disturbing.

“It’s… it’s fine,” Will said, walking inside. “I know *who* you were expecting. That’s what I’m here to talk to you about.”

Nigel scoffed. “Fuck. Hannibal figured as much. I don’t fucking see it’s any of your business, nor do I see how it affects anything else. We have a fucking agreement. It’s not getting in the way of anything. It’s personal between him and I. We’re not fucking bothering you. What the fuck do you care? He’s an adult, and about as fucking ruthless and intimidating as you are if you hadn’t fucking noticed.”

Will just watched Nigel make an ass out of himself. He smirked. Yes, it was going to work out real well with that sort of a temper, hell, he’d not even said more than three sentences. Keeping his forts well closed, he waited a minute, rubbing his beard, raising accusatory brows. “Are you...finished, Nigel? Let me know when you’re done working this out amongst yourself.”

Frustrated, Nigel slammed his fist on the kitchen counter. All he’d wanted was his pretty darling splayed out in his bed, and now he had to deal with this scowling little shit of a brother? “You think you’re a real smart ass, don’t you? You’re real fucking lucky I love your brother, and mine actually seems to want to work with you, or I’d not be inclined to be so goddamn nice to you right now,” he spat out realizing far too late what he’d just confessed. He looked away quickly and walked to the bar in embarrassment, pouring himself a drink and not even asking if Will wanted one. He poured a second one and handed it to him wordlessly.

Will took the glass and downed the whiskey, setting it on the counter. He almost pulled out his gun, ended it then. But Adam would be heartbroken, Hannibal would be pissed, and it would all fall apart. What’s more it would put Adam in real danger. Then he replayed the words in his mind that Nigel had just said. *Love* . He licked his lips, sucking the lower through his teeth. “Don’t underestimate me. I’m not unarmed,” he said, firstly, calmly, just to clear *that* up. Will was no puppy. “But we both have to restrain ourselves.” He walked over to him and met his eyes, his own penetrative where it was usually evasive. “You... *love* Adam?”

Nigel’s nostrils flared as he exhaled heavily, drinking the amber fluid that so closely matched his eyes in color. “I’m not trying to fucking trick you, if that’s what you’re asking. And...yeah. Hannibal’s pissed with me. I shouldn’t even fucking be talking to you about this, Graham. It’s putting everything at risk. My family.” he looked at Will with fire in his eyes, a man not to be trifled with, blood and violence there, but passion in equal measure. “But once someone has my love, they have me, too. And I know what comes with that. Which is why

this is so fucking fucked up." He shifted his jaw, not breaking his gaze as he poured another shot of whiskey and drank it.

"I already know about it. Didn't know you loved him. Does *he* know that? Do you understand that he's different? I don't know if you are prepared for… everythin." Will poured himself another shot, then downed it. Fuck it. "If you… I don't like this. But I can't stop it. If you hurt him, I will kill you and it will be slow and painful." A pause and then, "I'm not one to be *trifled* with either."

Nigel folded thick arms across his broad chest. "We're each aware of how dangerous the other is. We each have a keen interest in not bringing harm to someone we care greatly about. Yeah...yes. I love Adam. I haven't….I haven't told him yet, no. I think he...I have a feeling he does feel the same though. He doesn't seem to be a bullshitter at all. He's honest as fuck and I like that a lot about him." He paused and refilled his drink, doing the same for Will.

"This business though with the Pazzi's...we need to get this shit sorted. I want to make damn sure those fucks are taken care of before anything else happens, you understand? I just want to make sure Adam is safe, first. When that's square, I'll tell him."

Will tipped the glass at Nigel. This would be his last one, since he was driving but he had a high tolerance. He listened to the Lecter brother and allowed himself to feel, just a small opening in his forts. It became clear that he wasn't lying. He did love Adam. It also meant that if this whole attack with the Pazzi's had been orchestrated, it wasn't at the hands of Nigel. Something to think on later. For now, he nodded.

"I won't say anythin to him. I came here tonight for answers, and I feel I have them. I'll let Adam know you want to see him, if you still do?" Will raised his brows in question, drinking his drink a little slower at least, plucking his keys from his pocket. He had intended on telling Nigel to stay away from his brother, but things had taken a turn. Either way Adam wouldn't be happy about this and he had to tell him he came here if nothing else. "I trust you'll keep your word, and so will you brother."

Nigel's face reddened and he narrowed his eyes. "Do you not fucking grasp how serious I am? Of course I fucking want Adam. I just said I love him. I want to see him very fucking much. Listen, Graham, I realize you don't know us well yet, but I don't build a reputation on fucking lying to people. My word is fucking good. But you'll know for yourself soon enough." In truth, Nigel had a bad feeling about the bit with the Pazzi's, and planned to question Hannibal about it. It felt too convenient. He'd be furious if he'd put Adam in any fucking jeopardy, but that was between him and his brother. For now, he'd deal with Will. "We've got this. We will show you, The Lecters are men of our word, Will," he said, holding his hand out to shake on it.

Will was trying to be cordial to Nigel, for Adam, but the way he was continuing to berate him - his power, and his intelligence - was not setting well with the empath. "You'll need to stop fucking talking to me that way or Adam won't know anything about tonight," he warned, looking at the hand Nigel offered him, not taking it. Who the fuck did he think he was? Talking to him that way? His calm had dissipated, the lightning was flashing in stormy eyes, blood in his tone. "As for our business? We'll see." Will turned on his heel, after setting down the glass, preparing to leave, but not gone yet. He'd planned on being amiable, shaking

Nigel's hand, and then doing him the favor of conveying the message to his brother, but rudeness wasn't something he abided, even if he, himself could be that way. How could he let his brother be with such an asshole?

Nigel felt his temper rise further at the audacity of this fucking brat, but then he remembered his angel - Adam. "Will. Wait," he said, approaching him again. "Look, wait a minute, yeah?" he said, his tone softening.

Will turned around slowly, a brow arching at Nigel. He liked that tone much better, even if it was likely done to be self serving, to persevering his and Adam's relationship or… whatever it was. "Yes, Nigel?"

Nigel knew he'd need to get himself under control if he hoped to see Adam again. Like it or not, Will was his brother. "Look, I know you're just looking out for him, and I know I look like a sketchy fucker, but I do care about him. I want this to work out. I shouldn't be telling you any of this, but my brother and I...we really want this to all work out here." He rubbed his jaw and leaned on the door, honey eyes meeting Will's with more of a open gaze.

"I can tell that you care about Adam," Will said, sighing, his own tone less….bitey. He rubbed his own bicep and relaxed a little. Really, Will wanted it work out too, to come to some sort of mutually unspoken pact between the four of them so that they could work together in relative harmony. "I'll let Adam know, okay? I'll have him text you so you two can make the arrangements, once he's done scolding me for coming here," he laughed. "Adam and...myself, want it to work out too. Especially if we can benefit one another."

"Hannibal's a bloodhound. He'll find them. He'll sniff them out, and he's a lot more bloodthirsty than he looks. I know he appears like someone who wouldn't dirty a fingernail, but he's good. Listen, Will, thanks." Nigel nodded and hesitated a second before putting a hand on Will's shoulder.

Will didn't want to say that everytime he was around Hannibal he could feel darkness coiling inside the bone forts of his mind, that he felt a resonance in it, even more heavy a feeling than any violence he'd done thus far in his line of work. No, he couldn't share that, so he nodded, raising his brows again as though he were curious. He was, but he also could practically see blood on Hannibal too. "You're welcome, and… likewise, thank you, both of you, for everthin."

Nigel could practically feel the wheels spinning in the brooding brunet's mind, and he set his glass down and walked him to the door. "You're welcome,Will. Thanks, uhh...thank you, too."

"Goodnight," Will said, cracking a small smile with a nod, just before leaving after he'd shook hands with him once more.

Will got home a little later and told Adam…. Well everything save for the part about Nigel being in love with him, since he'd promised he wouldn't. That was between them, Nigel and Adam. His brother was upset at first that Will had texted Nigel back and showed up at his house, but after a small outburst, they worked it out and in the end Adam realized it was only his sibling's way of looking out for him.

Adam texted Nigel back, and after getting ready, headed out the door to go to his home. He'd spend the night and come back tomorrow. More than anything, he was happy that he'd been worried for nothing.

Chapter 4

Nigel had just seen Adam off that next morning, after a long night of passionate, athletic lovemaking and a hearty breakfast. He rubbed his stomach and checked his phone, and predictably, Hannibal's number was there, flashing with at least two missed calls.

As he got dressed, he dialed back and put him on speaker phone.

Our person of interest is unaware of our presence, so the plan should be set in motion sooner rather than later. Will you please get here at once?

Nigel sighed, lighting up a smoke as he buttoned up his shirt.

Getting in the car now, yeah. I'll be there inside ten minutes.

Quickly disconnecting the call without a further word, he grabbed his keys and headed for Hannibal's. Always best to keep phone conversations short and sweet.

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Once there, they laid out the plans. Nigel was still very sketchy on exactly what Hannibal knew, but wasn't ready to say anything just yet. He loved and trusted his brother, but also knew him like the back of his fucking hand and knew something didn't smell right. These Graham boys weren't new at this shit. How did they just happen to get ambushed like this? He would keep quiet till the job was done, he decided.

Hannibal had done his recon and found their lair with again - surprising ease. They sent Anton and Darko along with a team of about six others to go take the guards out while Hannibal and Nigel went for Pazzi himself. The plan was - get the guards - leave Pazzi unprotected, and have Nigel and Hannibal corner him. Nigel would be the lookout, Hannibal would make the kill, then they'd retrieve the Graham's load. It would go down at exactly the time when they were switching shifts and they had the least amount of men on site. Hannibal had blueprints of the whole place including all their security codes and checkpoints.

With everything in place and all the men geared up and ready to go, there was nothing left to do but execute.

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It was almost too easy. Hannibal had Pazzi bound and gagged on a utility dolly, wheeled over to a balcony. Nigel came out as Hannibal had the man tilted back, and ripped the duct tape off his mouth. "I've been set up, I've been set up," he blurted out, looking with pleading eyes at Nigel.

Hannibal tutted. "No one likes a tattler. Well then. Which do you think: Bowels in or bowels out? Out then, I think," he said, and with one swift motion, he took the knife in his hand,

slashed open his belly and tipped him over the edge of the balcony, his intestines spilling and tearing out brutal and bloody. Nigel raised his eyebrows.

“That seemed a little fucking excessive, even for you, Hannibal. I think we need to talk. You mind fucking telling me what the fuck exactly is going on? Because I think there is a lot you haven’t told me, starting with why this fucker thinks he was *set up* .” Nigel pulled out a cigarette and looked over the edge at the scene of graphic carnage dripping below.

Hannibal sighed. “There are times a situation needs to be encouraged. Prodded. Your vision has been clouded by your lust, Nigel, even you have to admit that.”

Nigel slammed his fist through the wall, plaster flying everywhere, and his high cheekbones flamed to a ruddy crimson. “How fucking dare you, Hannibal! If fucking anything happened to Adam...how dare you question my judgement?”

Hannibal brushed dust from his chest coolly and lifted his honey gaze to his brother with a single raised brow. “You’ve just demonstrated yourself why, even now.”

The younger brother huffed through his nostrils, pacing. “I could have helped you. But you shouldn’t hide things like this from me.”

Hannibal shook his head. “You have a non-existent poker face, Nigel. You wear your heart on your sleeve. There are times your passion is an asset, it is an admirable, valuable quality, one I value and love you for, my brother, but in this case, it could have jeopardized everything, including Adam’s well being. Believe it or not, I have a personal interest in Will Graham as well, and I genuinely think we could benefit them as well as help ourselves by joining forces. My actions are not *entirely* selfish. Beyond that, the Pazzis were involved in human trafficking. These were not good people. I realize our activities are not entirely innocent either, but who amongst us is?”

Nigel stared at Hannibal. He could see when he was bullshitting, and he knew this was actually truth he spoke. He had to admit, it gave him a little hope to hear he had some interest in Will - maybe he could pursue Adam and not have to deal with his wrath and disapproval. It was bad enough having to dance on eggshells with that other Graham.

“Yeah. Well, okay. But fucking hell, Hannibal…”

“Come on, Nigel. Let’s go clean up and tell the Grahams, yes?” Hannibal clapped a hand on Nigel’s shoulder and offered a smile.

“Yeah,” Nigel said, relaxing more. They left their men to clean up the scene, and they went home.

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Nigel walked out of Hannibal’s master bathroom, towel tied around his waist and picked out some clothes he kept at his brother’s house, tossing them on the bed as he watched Hannibal carefully.

Hannibal pecked out a text to Will.

Mission has been accomplished. No issues any longer. Perhaps dinner is in order?

Will looked at his phone, then at Adam, who was on his laptop. “They… kept their word. It's done. The Pazzis are eradicated.”

“Glad to hear it. Yes, maybe at our place tonight? Six?” Will pecked out to Hannibal and hit send, then looked back at Adam.

“That's good. I knew they would.”

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Hannibal sipped a glass of red wine tapped out a text on the back patio as Nigel puffed away at his cigarette. “We should bring that Dom Perignon you’ve been hoarding. Something special to celebrate,” Nigel quipped.

“Good idea,” Hannibal remarked.

We are on the way. Hannibal texted to Will.

***

Will and Adam had confirmation that the Lecters were coming, so while Adam cleaned - even though it wasn’t really messy, Will started cooking. One thing he could do in the kitchen was make a mean fish fry. Of course he would make some chicken and macaroni and cheese for Adam too.

Five to six rolled around and both Grahams were ready. Adam was more casual for once, form fitting around the ass khakis and a polo shirt, light blue, while Will had on brown slacks and a button up blue and white flannel.

Nigel walked up to the Graham’s door and knocked. He was clad in blue jeans and a black henley over his buttery soft camel leather jacket, while even Hannibal had opted for something more casual than his usual suit, wearing a simple dark blue button down shirt - no tie - and dark slacks. Nigel carried the champagne in an ice bag to keep it cold while Hannibal brought a selection of cheese and fruit for snacking.

Both brothers opened the door and their two dogs piled out, barking and tails wagging. They sniffed the unfamiliar men, until Will made a ‘tst tst’ sound to get them back. Adam was the one who spoke first, his eyes wandering over Nigel’s handsome form.

“Well, hello. Please come in,” Adam greeted smooth and soft, yet still very much with confidence. Will looked up then.

“Yeah, come in, Hannibal, Nigel.”

Nigel handed Adam the champagne, brushing his fingers over Adam’s deliberately with a warm smile. “Hello,” he said in a deep voice, smiling. Hannibal looked down at the dogs

with a bit of surprise, but held his hand out to allow them to scent him, nodding in greeting at both men. “Good evening. It smells delicious,” he said with an appreciative sniff.

“Thanks,” Will said, as Adam gave Nigel a lusty look, or well, he felt like it might be. He wasn’t sure. Both men stepped aside to let the Lecters in, then closed the door. Adam gestured to the couches.

“Sit down if you want.”

“Thank you, Adam,” Hannibal said, as Nigel took off his coat and followed his brother to sit down.

“Thanks for having us over. It does smell good...I’m hungrier than I thought I was,” Nigel said with a chuckle. It was the first time they were all in the same place since ‘everything’, and he was feeling awkward. Of course it was Nigel, usually the most emotionally demonstrative of them, but he was hyper aware of everything; mostly aware of his Adam.

“You’re welcome,” Will said, giving Hannibal a look then moving towards the kitchen. It was a silent invitation for the elder Lecter to join him, if he wanted.

Hannibal’s eyes followed Will’s movements and he indeed got the message, rising before he’d fully settled and smiling with a quiet confidence to follow him. “Perhaps you need a hand?” he asked, not waiting for an answer as he moved with the grace of a cat. Will nodded, smiling at Hannibal.

Adam sat down next to Nigel at that, wondering how he was feeling, beyond hungry. “I’m glad you came, Nigel. I’m hungry too.” The young boss didn’t realize that sounded like a double entendre, but ironically he was hungry in both capacities as well.

“Starved, in fact,” Nigel murmured, arm stretched out over the back of the sofa, legs spread wide as he smirked at Adam, his eyes flickering briefly over at Hannibal following Will into the kitchen.

“We can… um, we can be how we want because Will told me he would give his blessing if you and Hannibal kept your word,” Adam said suddenly, quietly though since he wasn’t sure about Hannibal. He leaned in close, smiling at Nigel before he whispered, “Is Hannibal okay with us? Does he know?”

Nigel brushed his hand over Adam’s cheek, from his temple, down the side of his face, over the soft fur of his beard and across his strong jawline, rubbing a thumb over his lips. “He does know. He was concerned I was jeopardizing the operation, yeah. He wasn’t fucking too happy, I won’t lie, but he’s fine now. Actually, funny thing. Just between us, I think he has a bit of a thing for Will,” he said with a smirk.

Adam leaned into the touch, his body all but shivering with want. He took Nigel’s thumb into his mouth since Will and Hannibal were busy, and suckled it, holding eye contact. Then it occurred to him what he’d just heard, so he popped off, slowly. “Really? Wow,” he said softly, but he was happy everyone was okay with them. “Will talks about Hannibal a lot too,

complains about him. That usually means he's at least interested because otherwise he doesn't take time to even approach a topic."

Nigel gasped and watched hypnotized, his cock thickening as his head lolled back. "Yeah, well, Hannibal has a way of getting under people's skin, I suppose. But, yeah, you know, enough about Grumpy and my brother, you know?" he murmured, one hand slipping into Adam's silky hair, behind his head. "Can I kiss you?"

"Yes please," Adam answered, his tongue sweeping over his lips. He turned back to make sure they still weren't looking, then moved closer to Nigel's face, ready to be kissed. He almost laughed about Will being called 'Grumpy', but he was more focused on the man in front of him than anyone or anything else.

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Hannibal strolled to the kitchen counter, the scent of fish wafting through the air, and he allowed his eyes to roam freely over Will's backside while he was turned away from him. "A recent catch? Smells very fresh," he mused, hands clasped behind his back, careful not to touch anything as he'd just been petting the dogs.

"You have a good nose," Will chuckled, washing his hands then stepping aside so Hannibal could, if he wanted. He didn't see the look but he could *feel* eyes on him. Turning around to face him, his lips quirked into a small smile. "I caught it just this mornin'. I fish often. The stream is...quiet. Peaceful."

Hannibal stepped in behind Will a tad quickly and rolled up his sleeves, following his instincts and taking the silent invitation. He turned on the water and lathered up his large hands, washing and rinsing and picking up a towel that hung from the oven bar to dry them. "I find a similar solace in cooking. It clears the noise of the mind, of the outside world, all the chaos. We are in a violent business, men like us are often not allowed to take our guard down. It's good, healthy to have something to find balance in," he said, returning the towel to it's space and looking around. "Anything I can do to help?"

Will licked his lips, eyeing Hannibal from the side. "S'all ready, save for the rice pilaf, and setting the table. The wine needs to be opened. Adam got a white after researching it," he laughed, though neither one of them were wine drinkers, he nor his brother. "But yeah, it...it does help. It's a nice reprieve from all this tastelessness in the world."

Hannibal slid behind Will then, under the guise of taking the corkscrew that lay on the other side of him, a thinly veiled yet casual enough maneuver than caused him to brush against the man with his body for a brief moment. "Pardon," he whispered under his breath, quickly taking the tool and moving to the wine bottle, forearms flexing as he uncorked it, twisting the bottle in a strong grip.

"Ahh yes. There's so much of that in this world. Tastelessness. Rudeness. Those of us that enjoy feasting with all our senses often have to be selective. Build walls, as it were. I think you might be a wall-builder, Will. That's not a bad thing." Hannibal smiled warmly at the brunet, trying to catch elusive eye contact. He was better at it than Adam, much more direct,

but far more defensive. The more time the spent together though, to Hannibal's delight, the more his guard relaxed.

Will turned again the slight brush from Hannibal having caused a spike of heat to shoot through his body. He was calmer now though, and met his eyes, dead on. He was lowering his walls. They'd made a deal after all, and the Lecters had kept their word. "I build them, you try to...scale them," he said quietly, one corner of his mouth twisting into a coy smirk. He turned once more and bent over to pull the fish from the oven, where it had just been keeping warm more than anything else. The rice was already done as well. All that was left was to set the table and plate the food.

Hannibal smiled at the observation. "What a clever, cunning boy you are. Of course I do. You can't fault me for being curious. I see beyond what you choose to show the world, Will, and I want to know more. I want to know you, if you'll let me. If you'll show me. Things went very well with our business. I'm hoping it might afford me that opportunity, earn your trust." he leaned forward and looked into Will's eyes, reaching too close again to place the corkscrew back where he'd found it.

Will drew a breath, leaning back against the counter as Hannibal had moved forward, his back arching as his hands gripped the edge of the countertop. He swallowed, his throat clicking audibly at the proximity. "Yes...I...I trust you, Hannibal," he said, almost whispering out the words. He had to admit that the attention from the other man was like a bolt of searing hot lightning shooting down his spine, right into his groin; it was as overwhelming as it was enjoyable. Could he truly trust him? He would but with caution. "What is it you see about me?"

"A predator, same as I am, but there's an elegant beauty to you, and a darkness even you don't want to admit to yourself exists. A strange characteristic given the nature of what we do, and one that makes me wonder exactly what is behind those beautiful eyes of yours, Will." Hannibal pulled open the cupboard and took plates down, setting them on the counter carefully and turning his heated look back to the younger man.

A hot blush spread over Will's skin, to his ears and down his neck. Will started plating the food, and then looked back at Hannibal. "There's… a lot of things right now," he said a little roughly, pulling his lower lip through his teeth and biting. He looked away, and grabbed two of the plates, the one with the chicken and macaroni for Adam, and then his own. "Seems like we'll have to continue this conversation after dinner."

"I'd like that very much. I'm sure Nigel and Adam will have plenty on their own to discuss, perhaps we can then." Hannibal took a few plates himself and helped Will carry them to the dining room.

"Yeah," Will said nonchalantly, thought he found he was actually anticipating it. He cleared his throat, and helped place the food over on the table. He looked up just in time to see Adam and Nigel making out heatedly on the sofa. Will rolled his eyes and cleared his throat again, much louder.

"Nigel," Hannibal called out in a friendly but warning tone. "Would you mind escorting Adam in the dining room for dinner?"

Nigel moved with a sigh, unhappy about being interrupted, and kissed Adam one more time. “Guess the food’s ready, darling,” he muttered.

Adam nodded, his lips red and swollen, skin pink and curls a mess. He got up, his hands going down in front of his groin. “Um, I don’t want fish.”

“I know,” Will sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. “I made your chicken, remember?”

“Oh, I forgot,” Adam said as he sat down. He didn’t ever forget really, which was a testament to the power of Nigel’s kisses. He looked over at the Romanian, moving the chair out so he’d sit by him as Will sat down on the other side, space for Hannibal there.

Hannibal sat down and poured them each a glass of white wine, raising his. “We are guests in your home, but may I propose we begin with a toast, Will and Adam? We have dispatch the Pazzi family.Every last one. They are no longer a threat to you, or anyone. I think we should begin by toasting that victory for both of us, yes?” he said with a smile.

Both Graham brothers nodded, holding up their glasses. Will spoke first. “To victory, yours and ours, and the union our families have clearly formed,” he smiled, and Adam nodded, looking over at Nigel. “Yes, to victory and union.”

The sound of glasses clinking together filled the air, and the men began eating, a sense of relief seeming to wash over them all. “Union,” Hannibal said with a smile. “We hadn’t yet discussed it, and I didn’t wish to presume. Does that mean we might work something out after all, to conduct some business within your territory, even perhaps join forces? I do believe as we’ve proven, we would make a great asset to your organization,” he said, looking over at Nigel and then Adam.

Adam nodded right away, scratching his beard as Will did the same. They often mimicked each other subconsciously. Looking to see that Adam approved, Will nodded too after both Grahams had taken a sip.

“Yes, we...we can work something out, Hannibal. Tonight might be a good idea,” Will suggested, arching a coy brow at Hannibal, his walls almost all the way down.

Nigel watched the interplay between Will and Hannibal. Something was definitely going on between the two of them. If it hadn’t yet, it would be soon he had to guess . He was going to make an effort to take Adam back to his place; maybe he could finally get some alone time with him and they can finish what they started on the couch, what Will and Hannibal had interrupted for *dinner* .

Nigel took a generous bite of food and hummed appreciatively. “Wow. You’re gonna give Hannibal a run for his money. This fish is fucking delicious.”

“It is very very good, Will,” Hannibal added. “And I agree. We should finalize our discussion tonight. After dinner, I think,” he said with a polite smile at Will, making direct eye contact with him, amber eyes to blue.

Adam was very happy with his chicken and macaroni. He didn't like how the smell of the fish mingled with it to be honest, but he kept that to himself, hoping to get some alone time with Nigel later too.

Will smiled at both men, keeping his focus more on Hannibal though. "Thanks. It's just seasoned fried fish and rice, nothin' fancy." He took a bite, jaw working. It was good. He was pretty pleased with himself. "Yeah, that's a good idea."

"I fuss in the kitchen a lot, it's true, but often the best meals are made with the freshest and fewest ingredients. Fish this good needs very little added to make it good. Perhaps one day you'd be so kind as to take me out fishing, Will. I have to say I've never done it, and I'm always eager to learn a new skill." Hannibal took a sip of white wine. We did some hunting in Lithuania as boys, remember, Nigel?"

Nigel nodded. "Wild elk, geese, woodcocks. Yes I remember. Mama made everything we killed though, it wasn't sport back then, it was dinner," he qualified, as Will nodded in recognition.

Adam looked up and nodded at Nigel, giving him a little sneaky smile. Even if they didn't have to be any longer. He lifted his foot under the table and brushed it with his, just a small affection. Nigel caught Adam's eye and his lips quirked, moving his leg just enough to rub his leg in return.

Will raised his brows at Hannibal.

"You'd go fishing with me?" He asked, a little surprised in all honesty. "Sure. I'll take you with me. I warn you though, it gets messy, and you'll come home smelling."

Hannibal entertained the image of Will messy and unkempt in...other ways...and it brought a smile to his face, eyes darkening briefly. "There are certainly occasions where getting dirty is called for and necessary. Believe it or not, I'm capable of getting my hands...quite dirty," he smirked.

Will swallowed at that, and he allowed himself to feel as Hannibal was. He felt the passion and subtext in those words. He had to wonder, was it his feelings as well, or just what he was perceiving and taking in from the elegant gangster close to him. "I...I have no doubts, Hannibal. It is a primal sort of feeling, isn't it?"

Hannibal took a forkful of food and slipped it between his lips, chewing thoughtfully as he watched Will with a heat in his eyes. "There are occasions where it's necessary, yes, but more than that, there's an appeal to it that fulfills certain needs. Perhaps it's a gift from our animal ancestors, hm?" he mused thoughtfully.

With another bite, Will looked dead into Hannibal's eyes, then licked his lips, his skin darkening from the wine, but mostly from the words and imagery that was being presented. It was almost too much, and he looked away, nodding. "I spose, yes," he said quietly, not wanting to be so bold in front of Adam and Nigel, much less Hannibal.

Adam was eating heartily, but not impolitely. He wanted to put his show on to be honest, but Nigel's foot rubbing against his own proved to be a good distraction. As did the way the light was shining from above, through the wine bottle, casting a nearly blue shadow upon it. It reminded him of the sky at dusk. His foot had stopped moving, lips no longer chewing as he sat transfixed focused on the casting of azure, nodding to himself just once with confirmation of his musing.

Hannibal looked over at Nigel, who was staring with glazed eyes at Adam, and he knew exactly what he was going to do. Directing a smile back over at Will, who was blushing so beautifully under his gaze, he chuckled. "I must admit Adam, if I can be open with you, you must be a remarkable young man to have captured my unruly brother's fancy as much as you clearly have. I daresay I've never seen him in the state he's in," he smiled.

Nigel blushed. "Well Hannibal, I'd thank you not to fucking worry about my personal life, yeah?" he said with a grin and a wink.

That brought Adam out of his trance of course, and he blushed, all the way to the tips of his ears as Will rolled his eyes and looked away from the whole scene. He smiled though, as did Adam.

"You can be open with me, and you were. Thank you. I really like him too. I enjoy sex with him a lot. He fucks me really well," Adam said, which earned him a incredulous blinking look from his brother.

"I don't....I don't think Hannibal or I need to know the details, Adam," Will said, scratching his stomach before shoveling the rest of his food into his mouth.

Nigel pulled his shoulders back and preened under the words, grinning ear to ear even as Hannibal rolled his eyes and chuckled. "Well then, congratulations," the older brother laughed as Nigel stabbed a piece of food and smirked.

"Don't be jealous, Hannibal, doesn't look good on you. Thank you, darling," he said, looking over at Adam. "Let's finish eating and perhaps I can take you home, then, yeah?"

"Thank you, Hannibal, and okay, yes," Adam nodded to Nigel as Will raised his brows.

"To *your* house," Will clarified, since Adam didn't live there yet and while he'd warmed up to Nigel and approved of their relationship, he didn't think they needed to move to fast. Then again, he wasn't his brother's keeper, not really.

"Nigel knows I don't live there, Will." Adam said, stoically. "As I was saying, Nigel, I would like to go to your house after this. Will is rude sometimes but I think he means well."

Will laughed at that, then reached over to pat Adam's hand. "I do."

Nigel nodded. "Of course that's what I meant, Will. To my house. Thanks so much for the fucking clarity," he added teasingly, which earned him another playful, yet sassy eye roll from Will.

Dinner carried on with small talk and jokes, decidedly more relaxed than it had been at any time up to that point. Hannibal was certainly relieved, though eager to be alone with Will, as when they finished eating, even Nigel helped clean up.

“Thank you again for dinner, Will, and Adam,” Nigel said to both men. “Adam, do you think you are ready?”

“Let me get my overnight bag,” Adam insisted, having prepared one the other day with everything he would need to be totally comfortable away from home - which was hard anyway - but it was okay as long as he was with Nigel. He came back a moment later, and said goodbye to Hannibal and Will, taking Nigel’s hand so they could go.

All too eager for finally getting his handsome Adam alone, Nigel bid them goodnight and took Adam home in the Bentley.

Chapter 5

When Adam and Nigel were gone and everything was cleaned up, Will sat down on the sofa, gesturing that Hannibal could join him.

“They seem….happy.”

Hannibal joined Will on the couch, sitting several inches closer than he might have days prior. There was a simmering heat between them that he hoped to explore, but still, he didn’t want to frighten him off. “They do. I admit, Nigel isn’t the sort to trust easily or settle in so fast with anyone. He’s changed with Adam. It’s very refreshing to see him this truly happy. An unlikely pairing, yet they are well suited,” he observed as the other nodded his agreement, turning his body towards Will and licking his lips. He crossed his legs and smoothed the fabric of his jeans down his thighs. “What about you, Will? Is it too forward of me to ask if you have any current romantic entanglements?

Will felt the heat between them, it surged through his body like a wave of hot lava, threatening to burn him alive. “Me?” He gestured to himself, chuckling, “No. I… I don’t *do* well in relationships. Or with people in general.”

But he liked Hannibal, despite the lurking danger and darkness there. A resonance or dark melody waiting to be heard.

A pause, a lick of lips and then Will rubbed his jaw, attuned to Hannibal even then. “What about you?”

Hannibal’s eyes followed Will’s fingers as they traced over his defined jawline and the dark, soft stubble that was scattered over pale skin. “I find it difficult to forge connections in this line of work. Certainly meaningful ones. One learns to live with a certain amount of isolation after a while - until you see flashes of what it might look like without it, you lose sight of what it feels like, having those human connections. Sound familiar, perhaps, Will?”

“Yes,” Will whispered, swallowing with an audible click. Hannibal understood him and as such, he felt like he knew himself better. The surly man was anything but at the moment, eye dilated, heartbeat quickening, and his skin a flush. “We’re alone, and have become accustomed to the staggering pain that comes with it.”

Like a predator scenting the blood of his prey in the air, Hannibal could feel Will’s walls crumble with each passing moment, from the way his beautiful cerulean eyes softened to the rosy hue of his cheek to the way his pink tongue darted out repeatedly to moisten ruby lips. Hannibal inhaled deeply, willing the brunet to sync his very pulse to him. “Perhaps we choose to be alone to mitigate the risk that might accompany accepting a state other than pain. If it’s familiar, we may return to it again and again simply because it’s what we know, even if it makes no sense. Being happy has risk. It is of course, rather subjective.” Hannibal mused, uncrossing his legs and in doing so, sliding closer and closer to Will.

Will's chest began to heave a little faster as Hannibal neared, and he nodded slowly, his legs spread, fingers clasped between them. He could feel the want rolling off the other man and honestly, he knew this time it was from him too. Will wanted Hannibal Lecter, there was no question, even if he was a little apprehensive still - though not much. Maybe he couldn't save himself from the desire threatening to pull him right off the precipice of the cliff. But maybe that was just… fine. "It would be nice to feel something other than pain… someone to stand next to in that darkness, and in pleasure."

"You know Will...you're not alone. I'm right beside you, now…" he reached his hand the fraction of an inch between them, and while it seemed like an entire chasm, Hannibal crossed it, placing his larger hand over Will's. If he wished to move it, he could. But the Lithuanian didn't think so; even still, he dared no breath as he waited to feel Will's choice.

Turning his hand over, he laced their fingers. His eyes trailing up Hannibal's face to his eyes. Will nodded, showing his consent, and licked his lips. All at once he felt consumed with lust, and leaned forward. That was when his other hand went up to cup sharp features, thumbing over alpine cheekbones. "I…" he couldn't figure out what to say, how to express what was stirring, so he kissed him, pressing their lips together softly with a deep inhale through flared nostrils. It felt amazing, the soft pillows of the mouth he'd been subtly staring off and on for sometime time now. He didn't want to stop.

Hannibal's heart pounded in his chest, and he was unable to repress the deep moan of need that rumbled from within. He wrapped one hand behind Will's head and returned the kiss gently, exhaling heavily as a low heat settled between his legs, the desire he'd been harboring for him finally loosened itself. He pulled away only for the briefest moment to look into Will's eyes, seeing a darkness there that matched his own, and he pulled him by the back of his curly head once more, slipping his tongue into his mouth to explore lustfully.
"Mmmm…"

"Fuck," Will managed to breathe out when they caught their breath. Hannibal was good at that. Really good. Will didn't think he'd ever been kissed like that before. It sent heat and electricity surging through his muscular form and compelled him to lean closer still. He straddled his lap, boldly, and gripped his shoulders, licking down into his mouth as his hips undulated. It was go big, or go home as far as he was concerned. The dam had broken open, and he wasn't intending on doing this halfassed.

The brazen way Will climbed over to straddle him was the answer to any question Hannibal may have had as to how he felt - it was clearly a mutual attraction driven by lust, something familiar they recognized within one another and possibly more. Wrapping his arms around him, Hannibal ran his hands down the sinew of Will's lean back to cup his high, full ass, kneading it in his palms. He hadn't intended on being so aggressive immediately of course, but the wanton manner in which Will was writhing in his lap pulled it out of him, and his cock filled rapidly, encased in his slacks and jutting against his abdomen. "Will...oh…"

"Hannibal…" Will gasped, feeling the hard line of Hannibal's cock as he rutted atop him. The hands on his ass felt like fire branding him right through his slacks, and he ground down a little more. Enough had been enough. He'd wanted him for a while now. It wasn't just lust to him, though that was *clearly* there, but it was also the deep resonance he felt. A connection

that was beyond the physical, something crept out from behind the person suit Will recognized in Hannibal, and fed right into his own beast - the one he all too often kept chained. All of that was exactly why he was on his lap, why he wanted him, and why there was a need to feel and consume.

Hannibal slipped his fingers down into the collar of Will's shirt, the skin of his neck and collarbone hot like flames, and began working open the buttons, eager to feel more and more. Palms flattened against every inch exposed, lips and tongue following and tasting as though Will was a feast to be enjoyed, and he moaned, murmuring words in Lithuanian as he did. He paused when he reached a flat, rosy nipple, flicking it with his tongue a nipping at it, moving back up to his mouth. "You taste exquisite, Will," he whispered roughly.

" *Fuck,* Hannibal," Will nearly shouted out. The pleasure was almost too much and yet not enough at all. Apparently his nipples were more sensitive than he knew, and the sounds that came from his mouth were the definition of debauched. He began working off what felt like far too many layers of clothing from the other, unhooking the buttons on the dark blue shirt he wore. He slipped his fingers through the thicket of chest hair, biting his own lip as the other hand wrenched into those very tamed strands - or they were. "D-don't… don't stop."

"I couldn't if I wanted to, and I don't want to…" The sweet sounds spilling from Will's lips brought out an animalistic hunger in Hannibal. He growled, scraping his teeth across the smooth chest and fastening his lips over the other nipple. With a groan, he bit down, laving his tongue immediately after to soothe, and sliding back up to kiss his mouth. Hannibal rubbed his erection through the rough fabric of his khakis, pleased at how responsive and needy Will was already. Taking him apart would be a beautiful, wonderous thing to do and behold.

Will caught Hannibal's cupid's bow between his teeth, scraping and pulling gently, breath nearly stolen from the sheer strength of their make out session. His thighs trembled with want, spread wide, and shaking, the other man's tongue like fire coursing through him with every lick, kiss, or nip. With hands braced onto strong shoulders, he huffed out hotly, fingers kneading at the thick corded muscles underneath them as his hips rock in search of sinfully sweet friction.

"Take me, Hannibal. I need you."

It was music to him. It was just what he wanted, what he'd hoped for. "Yes, I...I need you, too, Will. Where is your bedroom? Do you have…" he trailed off, wanting to do this right. His breaths came out ragged, kissing up his neck and worrying an ear lobe between his teeth.

Will mostly slept out in the living room, but he did have a bedroom. "Upstairs," he answered, heatedly in between moans as his fingers slipped back into those soft strands of Hannibal's. "Yes, please...just…" He didn't even know how to put into words that he wanted to stop talking and just go fuck already.

Hannibal felt the younger man vibrating with desire and in one motion wrapped his arms around his thighs and lifted him up. He was broad shouldered and strong and it was evidenced by the way he did so, carrying Will up the stairs and into his bedroom. He set him down with a huff and immediately finished pulling off what remained off his shirt and slacks,

watching him with dark eyes and licking his lips as he unfastened his belt and pulled it free with a *clink* . “Do you have any idea what you do to me, what you’ve been doing to me, Will Graham?” he asked.

“I'm getting an idea,” Will replied, his tone rough and husky. He worked off the rest of his own clothing and chucked it aside, watching Hannibal with spread thighs. He gripped his cock, stroking while he did, his light eyes blown black. “I ‘spose it's the same thing you do to me though.” His southern accent was thicker like this, his skin flushed and nipped hard. He licked his lips, a soft but deep moan falling from his lips.

Kicking his pants free, Hannibal picked them up and tossed them on a nearby chair, pushing Will flat on his back to the bed. He crawled up his body and pinned him down to kiss him heatedly, rutting their cocks together. “Do you have...lubrication and condoms?” he asked, his voice rough, pushing his chin up and grazing his teeth down his stubbing chin to the column of his neck. What a glorious, beautiful neck he possessed, and Hannibal licked over the veins that pulsed heatedly, calling out to him in a throbbing rhythm.

“Yeah,” Will answered, breathily, and reached over with one arm, opening the nightstand beside the bed. He pulled out the lube and a condom packet, setting it next to them. As soon as he had, he rolled his hips, latching his legs around Hannibal to frame his hips, noses bumping and teeth clacking as he kissed him passionately. What he didn’t say with words, he made up for in fervor, his whole body ablaze and wanton for the other. He raked his nails down the muscle and sinew of his back, wanting to consume and be devoured a alike.

Hannibal hummed into his mouth, the nails that clawed at him drawing the beast from it’s cage more and more with each rough rake against his skin. He sat up, opening the bottle of lube and putting some on his fingers, using his free hand to spread Will’s legs wide. He leaned down and sucked kisses up his thighs before pressing one slick finger over the hot opening, watching lustfully as it winked at him. Hannibal looked up at Will, laid out before him, curls strewn like a halo against the pillow, red lips parted, nostrils flared as he panted, and he watched his face as he pushed his index finger all the way inside. “Beautiful…”

Will had experimented on his own, fingering himself, once even using a toy, but this was a whole other experience. The feel of having a warm body there, and one he was rather fond of? Priceless. Chest heaving, he moaned, all but gasping as he breached, his pucker instinctively clamping down around the deft digit, almost trying to push it out. He relaxed then, taking a deep breath, tongue sweeping over ripe lips. "O-oh... fuck-"

Long, deft fingers skillfully worked Will open, slowly, patiently, with a surprising tenderness. Flashes of that hunger came through in the fangs that nipped along his thighs as he worked, scraping sensitive skin in an effort to distract Will as one finger was replaced by two and then three. Deeper and deeper he moved, aiming for the place inside him he knew would make him truly open up. Once he found it, he leaned down closer to his face and brushed the pad of a fingertip in a circular motion, peppering tender kisses up his neck. “Good, yes, lovely Will?”

“Yes,” Will drawled out, taking Hannibal’s face between calloused hands to kiss him passionately, his hips swivelling, and pushing into those fingers. He felt it all the way in his cock, which bobbed almost pleadingly for release. It was far too soon, and he held off, but

he'd never felt so near the edge without his hand wrapped around it. "Please. Hannibal... *fuck* me, *take* me…"

Hannibal needed it as badly as Will did, and the pleading in the man's drawl broke the last of his resolve. Tearing open the condom with his teeth, he rolled it down his impressive length, and leaned forward to kiss Will once before a feral look crossed his face. He smiled and stroked himself, lining up and sinking inside with a deep, resonant groan. Once he was fully sheathed, he laid atop Will, draping his broad frame over him, And took both wrists, pinning them above his head and taking his mouth possessively as he began slowly rocking in and out. "Ahhh...like...this…?"

"Oh fuck yes," Will cried out, grateful for the lubricant because Hannibal was very large. There was a slight burn despite being well worked open but it quickly turned to pleasure and he was moaning again, chest heaving as his fingers curled into his palms, unable to do more than that in their confinement. That was hot as hell all on its own, and his grunts and groans were evidence of that. He sucked his tongue, nipped at his lips, wanting to taste and feel everything from the other man. There was no going back now. "Harder, I won't break…"

Muscles rippled across tanned flesh, and Hannibal gripped Will's wrists hard, licking up his neck and sucking skin between his sharp teeth. "As you wish…" he huffed out, and his hips began pistoning into him, rough, staccato slaps echoing in the room accompanied by harsh panting and Hannibal's own grunts of need. The sweet, hot tunnel of Will's body fit him like a glove, massaging every thick inch like he was meant for him, and he had to focus hard to keep his stamina up and not come too soon. "Ahhh...Will, Will, Will…"

Head thrown back, giving Hannibal full access, baring his neck with abandon, he moaned. A bevy of 'oh's' and 'ah's' huskily echoing around their room at every sharp, poignant thrust. Will's body shook, his hole pulsing around Hannibal's cock at the increase in tempo. He looked into his eyes, feeling not only his own emotions but that of the other man's as well. It was intensely pleasurable and combined with slip of their bodies sliding from the sweat, his cock received all the friction it needed. "Haaanibal, I'm…fuck, I'm about to-"

Hannibal began stroking Will at his words, knowing without having to hear them that his climax was imminent. The rolled and moved together like the tide, ebbing, flowing, deeper into one another, the older man's body in and out, locked in a heated rhythm. His hand tight around Will's cock, he jerked him faster, hips snapping as his moans became rougher, and deeper. "Come...come with me...come with me Will," he begged, his own orgasm taking over where he could hold back no longer. He yanked at Will's curls with his free hand, taking his mouth hard as he came, biting his lips until he tasted a coppery tang. "Oh Will... *fuck* …"

Hearing the rarely heard profanity, feeling the whips of hips, and tapping against his prostate, it all sent Will over the edge, right into the ocean of passion. He dug his nails in hard enough to draw blood when he was bitten and manhandled that way. Oh fuck it felt so good. He knew there'd be marks littering his skin, that he'd be sore for days, but he hardly minded. That was when he came. He erupted with Hannibal's name on his lips, chanting it like a prayer, hot pearly seed washing over the other's fist, and up his chest between them. Together they came, two beats syncing up and meshing perfectly, shared between hot, bloody kisses, and slick slaps of skin. "Hannibal, Hannibal, s'good, fuck!"

Will was utterly gorgeous like this, taken apart and utterly debauched, no walls, no forts, completely disarmed and breathtaking. Hannibal held him through his climax, wrapping his arms around him and kissing up his neck as he rode out the last waves of pleasure. “You’re exquisite, beautiful Will, positively beautiful,” he panted.

Will turned his head to catch those lips, kissing him slowly as he hooked limbs at him, his body pliant. “So are you,” he murmured in between kisses, running his fingers through ash blond hair. It was the best sex he'd ever had. “That was… good.. *very* good.”

“I would imagine we cannot give our brothers a hard time anymore for their reckless dalliance, hmmm? At least, as for myself, I hope this is the beginning of something between us, “ Hannibal said, stroking his fingers affectionately down Will’s cheek as he held him to his chest.

With a husky laugh, Will nodded his agreement. “I suppose you're right. We have no right to,” Will answered, hooking his leg over Hannibal's hip after rolling him off playfully. He curled into him, perhaps a bit touch starved. “And… yes. I think it is. I...I want it to be. I've never known myself, as well as I know myself...when I'm with you.”

Hannibal was quite surprised at such an open admission from Will. “I’m very pleased that’s how you feel, Will. You have pure empathy, I see that now, you hold it in reserve and try to conceal it, but it’s an uncomfortable burden you bear. You can see me though, the feelings I’ve developed for you are quite deeper than I’d expected. You’re remarkable in every way,” Hannibal said in a soothing voice, like rich thick honey, his accented lilt flowing smoothly.

It wasn’t something that Will did, talking so openly with his feelings but in Hannibal, he felt a resounding vibration, a harmonious, yet dark melody. “Yes,” was what he said in response, not denying it, not now. How could he? Especially after they’d just shared - that beautiful moment together. The way that he was being understood, as well as understanding was...indescribable. Honestly, he didn’t know how to respond to such flattery, but it wasn’t unappreciated in any sense. Since the words weren’t flowing for him as fluidly, he replied with a kiss placed affectionately upon Hannibal’s lips.

“I don’t wish to wear out my welcome, but I don’t want to leave...may I stay here tonight?” Hannibal asked, touching Will’s curls and staring almost reverently at him.

“Of course. I was hoping you would…” Will’s words were but a breathy whisper. His heart clanking in his chest before it began to slow.

Hannibal held Will close against his chest, nose buried in soft curls as they fell into a blissful slumber, limbs tangled and as comfortable as if they were meant for one another.

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Nigel was up before Adam, smoking out on the patio. He was bare-chested, clad in a pair of low slung pajama bottoms, leaning against the rail and checking his phone. A side effect of the Pazzi deal was now other rival gangs were taking note of the Lecters, and word had gotten out they were working with the Grahams. Thus far the response seemed to be one of

intimidation, which wasn't a bad position to be in, particularly since the Grahams controlled the lion's share of business in the criminal underworld there in New York.

He ambled inside and showered, and when he re-entered the bedroom, crawled back into bed with Adam, his handsome face remarkably boyish and youthful looking in slumber, even with his beard. Nigel didn't want to wake him, but was content to simply watch him sleep, the slow rising and falling of his chest, the freckles that dotted his smooth, peach-hued skin. It took his breath away most of the time how gorgeous Adam was.

Adam woke with the dip of the bed but didn't open his eyes yet. Instead, he rolled over and curled around Nigel, nuzzling his face into the Romanian's chest. He felt warm and comforting, safe; he was in love and also a little sore from their love making the night before. "Good morning, Nigel."

Nigel hummed deep in his throat, a satisfied groan of approval and affection. "Morning, gorgeous. You're such a sight to wake up to. I could get used to it," he rumbled, running a hand through his soft hair. He kissed his head. "Like havin' you in my bed, angel."

"You do?" Adam smiled, rubbing his eyes before he leaned forward to kiss Nigel's lips. It was a close mouthed peck though; he needed to brush his teeth after all. "I like waking up with you too. Even if you do snore," he said, then hugged him. "You look handsome in the morning also. All of the time, but your hair is fluffy post sleep. I like it."

Nigel chuckled at the declaration, not at all surprised he snored. "Well, I must sleep good with you in my bed, darling. Are you hungry? I can make breakfast. I make scrambled eggs, sausage, anything you want, yeah?" he rubbed his hands over Adam as he held him, enjoying the warm intimacy of this, just being in bed with him. He thought about his conversation with Will, and telling Adam he loved him. He wanted to say it….soon.

Adam smiled at Nigel, his ears wiggling as he did. His eyes fluttering shut for a minute. He opened them back up and nodded. "I would like all-bran please," he said, then kissed him once more, certainly feeling love, even if he'd not yet said so either. It really was nice just spending time together in bed like this but he needed to pee, so he untangled their limbs and hopped up.

"I have to fucking urinate."

Nigel laughed at that. "By all fucking means, darling," he answered. It sounded so out of place yet endearing to hear Adam talk like that. Kinda hot actually. He knew he was mimicking the Romanian, and it pleases him. "I'll get your cereal ready…"

Adam was, but he also had picked it up in order to seem more intimidating with his subordinates. This time though, it was just mimicking. He smiled and kissed Nigel's jaw. "Thank you."

He was in the kitchen and took down a bowl along with the milk and cereal- Nigel had kept some there all the time now for Adam, milk, cereal, Mac and cheese and orange soda. Not the things you'd expect a feared crime boss to have and yet it made sense with his darling Adam. Tough as nails but he was all his.

Adam came out after relieving himself, and washing his hands, pajama pants on and a white t-shirt. He appreciated what Nigel was doing for him and how he accommodated him. It meant a lot. Sitting down at the table, he looked over at Nigel. “What are you going to eat?”

Nigel took another bowl down and sat at the table with a smirk. “Well, I thought maybe I’d try some of your cereal, darling. I don’t feel like cooking really, and wanna know why you like this so much. Mind sharing?” he asked, looking over at him. Fucking hell, but his eyes were enough to give anyone a stroke. So fucking blue…

“I don’t mind at all, it’s rich in fiber, and aids digestion. Also, we can share, since you bought it,” Adam pointed out with a smile, lashes batting over big doe eyes. He reached his hand out and patted Nigel when he seemed to stop talking or moving. “Nigel. Are you okay? You got quiet for a moment there and I am not sure why. I thought we were going to eat cereal.”

When he felt Adam touch him, Nigel broke from his reverie with a sigh, and he picked up his hand, bringing it to his lips. Holding his gaze, he brushed his lips over the inside of the brunet’s wrist, kissing to the palm of his hand. Hot breath exhaled over Adam’s skin before he smiled softly. “I get a little...lost sometimes, in how fucking gorgeous you are. You’re everything I could ever want, inside and out, angel, and I just...I need you to know, Adam, I love you,” he finally confessed. His voice was rough and quiet, but his eyes showed his intense sincerity. It was everything that went along with that love of Nigel’s that made it so complicated.

Adam set down his spoon, blinking at Nigel just before he leaned over and kissed him passionately, lovingly. “I love you too. You're like… a part of me. You make me feel happy and um, safe.”

Of course he could take care of himself, but Adam did feel safe with Nigel. Emotionally and otherwise.

Nigel felt relief wash over him now that he finally verbalized what he’d been feeling. It also hit him that Adam reciprocated. He felt a burst of joy in his chest at the response. Kissing him back, he slid closer in his chair and cradled the back of his head. “You love me too...well fucking hell, darling, I think this is the best day of my life so far,” he said, pulling back to smile adoringly at the bearded young man.

Adam beamed, his face pink from the emotional display, but he meant it, and he believed Nigel did too. It was really nice. The whole thing felt right, somehow. “Yes, I love you too, as I’ve stated,” he giggled, then leaned in to kiss him. “Are you surprised that I do? I think you seem surprised but I’m not certain. It’s a very good day for me too. So far at least. The day is just beginning.”

Nigel nodded and grinned widely at the giggle and blush in his cheeks. Adam could look so young and boyish when he was relaxed like this, and he absolutely adored it. “I’m just surprised because you’re such a catch. Anyone would be lucky to have the love and affection of you, angel. How it is you love a man like me, I don’t know, but I’m glad as hell.” In fact, there was more yet unspoken on his tongue, thoughts of having Adam move in maybe, but he didn’t want to scare him off with too much too soon. He took a sip of coffee and picked up his spoon to have some cereal.

“Thank you, Nigel. You’re a catch too. For fucking anyone. I’m also happy as hell.” Mirth danced in Adam’s eyes before he took a bite of cereal, grinning around the spoon. Of course he meant what he had said but he liked how Nigel responded to him using profanities.

“So, what do you think happened with Hannibal and Will last night? I didn’t hear back from Hannibal so I’m guessing it went...well,” Nigel remarked with a smirk. He knew his brother was taking quite an interest in Will and if he was a betting man, he’d wager they’d knocked boots.

“They likely had sex,” Adam said, and then took another bite. “Will is fine. He seems happy. It’s hard to tell in a text message, but he wanted to check in, see how I fared with the Romanian bear. That’s what he calls you. I understand the first part.”

Nigel blinked and chuckled. “ *Romanian Bear?* That’s a new one. At least you got the better one of us though,” he winked playfully. He played with his cereal some more and then finally looked up at Adam. “Would you ever move in with me, darling?” He asked impulsively.

Adam’s smile from the wink faltered at the question, his finger starting to tap on his thigh under the table. “I…” He trailed off. He wanted to move in with Nigel. He wanted to spend more time with him, but would he find his meticulous ways too daunting or annoying? He’d been with Will in the same place for a while now. “I want to. I just don’t know if you would still love me if we lived together. I’m n-not easy to be around full time.”

It wasn’t a no. It was more an, *are you sure* ?

Nigel reached across the table and took Adam’s hand again. Lacing their fingers together, his eyes were full of warmth and passion. “Of fucking course I’d love you, angel. Tell you what. We could do a trial run, yeah? Bring some clothes and things here to my place and stay a few days. If you don’t like it you can go back to live with Will and nothing else will change, yeah? I will love you no matter what, I know it. When I love, I don’t let go,” he said unflinchingly.

An experiment. That would be good. It would give them both a chance to see how they could acclimate together which made Adam feel really good. He smiled then, wide, lashes fluttering. “Okay. I think that would be good.”

The young boss seemed so innocent and demure like this, even if he wasn’t at all.

Nigel was thrilled. “I’ll give you a few drawers to yourself and closet space. You can even use my office for anything you need. My house is yours, angel,” he said. He ran a hand through his long shaggy hair and grinned. “I can take you back to Will’s to get some things, after breakfast…”

Adam leaned over and kissed Nigel for that, smiling. “Okay Nigel, thank you,” he said, then he realized that it meant the experiment was going to happen starting today. What would Will say? It likely wouldn’t be good, but maybe his brother would appreciate the fact that they were going to try it out first. “I love you.”

Chapter 6

Nigel wasn't sure what to expect when they arrived at Will's house, though he should have guessed. Hannibal opened the door, greeting them in a pair of sweatpants that appeared too short on him and his dress shirt, which hung open.

"Well, I guess this answers my question about how the rest of the discussion went last night," Nigel mused with a grin. He knew Adam would want to chat privately with Will, so he beckoned Hannibal to stay outside with him while he smoked.

"So I take it Will was pleased?" he began, pulling out his pack of cigarettes and lighting one up.

"Indeed," Hannibal replied. "I can't give you a hassle about Adam. I seem to have fallen under his brother's spell. He's quite persuasive, and yes he is very pleased with our work. I believe everything is going to go very smoothly moving forward," Hannibal finished with an optimistic smile.

"I asked Adam to move in with me," Nigel said, exhaling plumes of smoke and eyeing Hannibal.

"Did you? That's...a bit soon, don't you think?" he asked.

"I don't think so. We love each other, he lives here with Will, it makes sense. But we're going to do a trial run, see how it works. Just a few days. If we drive each other crazy we can always call it off, go back to just dating. Though I know already he's what I want," Nigel said.

"You've always known what you wanted and gone for it. I admire that about you. I feel there's something quite serious developing between Will and myself as well. He's extraordinary and intoxicating," Hannibal responded.

"Well, here we are, the Lecter's landing on their feet once again. Uncle Robertus would be proud, yeah?" Nigel grinned.

"He would, I'm sure."

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"You're….going to…" Will began, crossing his arms over his bare chest, his hair mussed, and skin flushed. Clearly he and Hannibal had been making love all night, or rather, fucking hard like rabid beasts, as was evident by the line of bites and bruises adorning his skin.

"I'm going to move in with Nigel," Adam finished, wondering if maybe his brother hadn't heard him the first time. "A trail run to see if I can handle him, and if he can handle me."

One good thing was that Nigel understood his Asperger's. "Are you okay with it?"

“Does it matter if I am?” Will asked, scrubbing a hand over his face.

Adam furrowed his brows. “Yes and no. I’d like for you to be okay with this.”

“I like Nigel well enough. Just seems sort of fast I spose, but hell, what Hannibal and I did was...well it was phenomenal, but also fast. I just want you to promise if you don’t like it over there, you’ll come back,” Will said, not expressing how badly he’d miss Adam. How lonely he’d be without him here. It would be just he and the two dogs now. How the fuck did this all happen? In the end, he was happy for him, so he walked over and after telling him, he pulled his brother into a firm hug.

“I promise, Will. Of course I’ll come back if I don’t like it,” Adam said through a smile into Will’s shoulder. “A-Are you okay? People sometimes hug when they need comfort.”

Will chuckled. “Yeah, I’m okay, Adam. Just thought a hug was needed.”

“Oh okay.”

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A few days passed and with that Adam was all moved in to Nigel’s, at least for the trial. Things were working out thus far. He was getting used to Nigel’s little habits, day by day, and he had hopes that they’d soon find their groove, so to speak. Will was spending more time with Hannibal too, and he knew his brother would be going to his house for dinner tonight. Either way, he and Nigel were just enjoying some downtime together on the sofa. Adam was looking on his laptop, since business seemed normal for the moment. He was checking out NASA’s site, seeing the latest news there.

“There’s a lunar eclipse tonight,” Adam said, more just stating it to share.

It had been an adjustment having Adam there, but it was something he’d leapt into with both feet. He wasn’t used to the strict routine he insisted on, but once he realized how important structure was to Adam, he compromised. And that was just it- compromise wasn’t even in Nigel’s lexicon before the handsome young man came into his life, but that’s what love did. It made him crazy, in many ways, and when he loved he did it with everything he had. He was truly madly in love with Adam and willing to do anything to convince him to stay.

Nigel pulled Adam close, an arm around his shoulder, and peeked at his screen. “We can take out your telescope and look for it, yeah? Or can we see it with the...the naked eye?” he asked.

“That sounds great, Nigel! We’ll take it, and we can look without it too,” Adam answered with a bright smile.

Nigel’s phone vibrated in his pocket and he pulled it out muttering under his breath in irritation. “Sorry angel. Let me turn this off,” he said, but the words in the screen stopped him cold.

Adam wondered what it said, and why Nigel was quiet. He closed his laptop and set it aside. “What is it? Is something wrong?”

“Yes, something is, actually,” he said with a worried look. “Someone’s killing our clients and their families, and it appears to be purposeful. They’re being targeted. We need to tell Hannibal and Will,” he said, frowning as he looked at his phone.

Adam’s brows furrowed. He didn’t like seeing Nigel worried, and he didn’t like this news at all either. “I don’t understand why someone would do that. I can see no logical reason other than maybe this just isn’t based on logic. It could be a serial killer maybe? It sounds like it or possibly someone who wants to take away our profits and scare off our clients.”

“It’s too soon to know who’s behind it, but we’ll find out. It’s very bad for business to lose clients this way. Might be a serial killer, or could be someone hoping to take our clients, but this is not something I’ve heard of before. I’m going to call Hannibal.” Nigel kissed Adam’s forehead and thumbed across his phone to call him.

“Okay, Nigel.” Adam nodded, deciding to call Will once Nigel gets off the phone. This wasn’t good. Sure he’d ordered people to be killed as well, it was just how it was in his line of work, but this was different. It just seemed wrong. More wrong than anything he or Will had done, and this person had to be stopped.

Nigel reached Hannibal, answering on the second ring. Explaining to him the tip their men had found, he speculated with who it could be. Hannibal assured him he’d contact their men to try and locate the killer, but it would be hard.

“You should call Will. I believe Will is going over there tonight,” Nigel advised. “I’m going to get us a drink,” he said, getting up to do so.

“Yes, I was going to,” Adam said, then did just that. As he left the room, he turned to say a quick, “Thank you.” He hung up after a few minutes, then walked back over to Nigel, always walking off to himself when he was on the phone, since he didn’t like phone conversations. Adam took the drink with a smile, kissing Nigel, then had a sip. “Will wants us to come over to Hannibal’s for dinner tonight so we can all talk about this. I think it's prudent that we do.”

Nigel nodded. “We should. We need to make a plan, and sooner rather than later.”

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A few hours had passed by the time there was a knock on Hannibal’s door, Adam and Nigel stood hand in hand, waiting to be let in. “I hope Hannibal made something I can eat,” Adam said, taking a deep breath, his free hand tapping his thigh.

Hannibal opened the door, and the scent of food wafted through the foyer from the kitchen. Sleeves rolled up, he had an apron tied around his waist. “Come in, please. I was just putting the finishing touches on dinner. I’ve made chicken cordon bleu with Roasted Provençal Vegetables. I also made my special baked macaroni and cheese, Adam. I started it as soon as I knew you were coming over, and it’s almost done as well. Have a seat in the dining room. I have a lovely chilled German Sekt in the ice bucket on the table. Nigel would you mind opening it and serving it?” he asked with a smile.

“Of course, Hannibal,” Nigel replied, guiding Adam with his hand in the small of his back to the dining room.

Adam felt relief at that and gave a smile to Hannibal as they'd walked out. Will was pacing around the dining room table, on the phone, and gesturing. That meant he was being passionate or upset. Adam leaned unto Nigel's touch just as Will got off the phone.

“Hey,” he greeted, looking at Adam first who reciprocated, and then Nigel.

Nigel pulled the bottle from the ice bucket and produced a multi tool from his pocket to open the wine. “Hello, Will. I know it’s soon, but you have any theories on this character?” he asked.

Hannibal came in the room carrying a platter with various steaming dishes, and laid them out on trivets on the table for serving. Will sat down.

“He’s….” Will began, rubbing a hand over his face as his brother watched on. He’d read up on reports, even quickly slipped into one of the crime scenes just an hour ago. It was fresh in his mind. “He wants an audience, I think. Followers. I don’t think it’s about money. It’s about power.”

Hannibal looked up from the food directly at Will. What a glorious mind he had, to be able to see so clearly his target, even with so little information. “So he’s seeking attention. He wants to be recognized. Perhaps he’d always been undervalued, discounted, looked past, ignored. This might be someone on the fringes of his social group, if he even has one.”

Nigel pulled the chair out for Adam and resumed pouring the chilled sparkling wine into their glasses. “So, basically a fucking weirdo, yeah?” Nigel quipped.

Adam sat, then took the glass of sparkling wine, taking a sip. He liked it and hummed quietly, scratching at his beard as Will rolled his eyes at Nigel. It was more playful than anything else. What he focused on more was the words said from Hannibal. Their eyes locked, and he could feel the awe rolling off of him in waves.

“Yes, maybe even someone who’s tried to get into our line of work in the past but was rejected, or he was ridiculed by someone in the trade. Hell, it could even be something his mother, or father, grandparents did,” Will offered, chuckling sarcastically before he crossed his arms over his chest and leaned back in the chair. “Weird likely doesn’t cover it.”

Hannibal watched Will carefully as he sat, utterly lovestruck and fascinated. “I’m impressed with all you’ve deduced already. I have no doubt we will find this man. Your mind is incredible, Will. You make leaps and associations not many would uncover. You could’ve had a career in detective work if you were not in our current field, though you’d certainly not be as wealthy,” he chuckled.

Will felt his skin flush at the compliment, and he looked at Hannibal through his lashes, sipping some wine. “Thought about it when I was younger actually. Wanted to be in the FBI.” He laughed at the irony, and gave Adam a little smile before picking up his fork and taking a bite. “This is delicious.”

Nigel laughed at that. “I’m sure as shit glad you didn’t, or we might’ve made your acquaintance under very different circumstances.” He winked at Adam and took a bite of his chicken, humming around it. He reached beneath the table and squeezed Adam’s hand. Adam squeezed back, taking a bite as well, since Will and Nigel did, happy about the food and the fact that Hannibal and Will seemed well suited. “This is really good, Hannibal, thank you for making something I would eat.”

“You’re welcome, of course, Adam,” he answered graciously. “I’m wondering, Will, if we could perhaps lay a trap for this killer. Lure him in with something, perhaps deliberately set up a pseudo client, or find something else he might want and draw him that way.”

Adam hummed as Will rubbed his jaw thoughtfully after another bite and sip of his wine. He gave Hannibal a look, noting just how good he was at setting things up. That was interesting. It was like it was second nature and Will was impressed and curious all at once. “That’s not a bad idea. A pseudo client would make the best bait, definitely.”

“In fact, we could be the pseudo clients ourselves,” Hannibal said, looking over at Nigel.

“An ambush,” Nigel replied. “Not a bad idea.”

“Yes,” Both Will and Adam nodded in agreement. Though Will didn’t want Adam to be involved, even if he was capable. “When?”

Hannibal looked at Nigel. “As soon as possible. I think Will and I should handle the footwork, and you be our eyes and ears, yes?” he suggested, the blond brother nodding in agreement with him. He didn’t want to say it out loud, but he would be happiest if Adam stayed behind with him, safe.

“Good idea,” Will nodded, and Adam agreed, just wanting to be with Nigel. Plus he knew that Will and Hannibal could handle things on their own mostly.

“Okay, that sounds like a plan,” Adam added.

“We should discuss further after dinner, Will,” Hannibal suggested. Perhaps for now we’ll relax as best we can and savor our meal, hmm?”

Nothing was slowing down Nigel, as he ate and hummed around each bite enthusiastically.

They finished their meal, then once they were done, Adam walked out onto Hannibal’s highest patio, after slipping off to the bathroom. He needed to think. He was worried. What if something happened to Will, or even Hannibal. Of course he was worried about Nigel too, but they were mostly out of danger. Since he wasn’t sure how to handle his feelings, he needed the fresh air, and to find solace in the stars.

Nigel wandered outside to smoke and look for Adam. Sure enough, he found him on the patio, up above everything looking at the stars. Slipping his arm around the bearded young man’s waist, he pulled his collar down enough to kiss the back of his neck. “Penny for your thoughts, gorgeous?”

“I don’t need a penny,” Adam said stoically, but he liked the kiss. He turned his head and then his body, giving Nigel a kiss of his own on his lips. “I am worried. This is a very dangerous undertaking. What if something happens to Will, or Hannibal. Or even us? It’s inside the realm of possibility. The odds aren’t favorable.”

Nigel slid his palms down Adam’s back, massaging as he pulled him close to lean against his solid, broad frame. “If anyone can take that fucker down, it’s my brother. Hannibal is ruthless. And Will seems to have keen insight into the perpetrator already. It’s dangerous, but we’ve got their backs and we have a lot of resources. I have no doubt they will be safe and we’ll nail the guy,” he said in a deep voice, kissing the skin behind his lover’s ear sweetly.

“Oh…” Adam’s breath hitched, his cock twitching at the way Nigel’s voice echoed inside his ears and mind. The kiss just added to it. It was hard to focus on the worry with all of that going on, and there wasn’t anything they could do about it now anyway, so he decided to just enjoy this for now. “That’s a valid point. N-Nigel...that feels so good....Mmm.”

“It really does. *You* feel perfect, gorgeous. All mine, and I’m only yours, hmm?” he said, pressing his groin against the swell of Adam’s backside. “I want to take you somewhere private, feel you and taste you,” he whispered in a dark voice.

“All yours Nigel, and yes, you’re all mine too,” Adam breathed out, pressing his ass against Nigel’s hardening erection. He was suddenly quite hard himself. Loling his head back onto his boyfriend’s shoulder, he let out a soft yet husky moan. “Fuck me, Nigel. I need you. I want you very much.”

Nigel looked around and knew his brother and Will were deep in conversation. “We could mess around up here, you know. It’s private and they’re inside too occupied with each other,” he said in a deep, persuasive voice, slipping a hand down the front of Adam’s slacks and teasing the outside of his briefs. He cupped him and rubbed up and down just enough to feel him growing beneath his palm.

Adam knew that they were a couple of levels up, and they were secluded. He’d never done something like that before but he also didn’t want to tell Nigel to stop. “But I… there’s no lube is there?” he had to ask, but maybe Nigel had some on him, or there was some close by. Either way he began rocking into his lover’s hand, rolling his hips wantonly. “Don’t stop...Oh…”

“We don’t have to fuck. I can think of a lot of other things we can do, angel,” the Romanian purred, unzipping Adam’s fly. He opened his pants just enough to reach beneath the elastic waistband of his briefs and curl his hand along Adam’s hard length, stroking him lazily. “Let me get you off. Then you can do the same to me, yeah?”

Adam nodded shakily, his whole body buzzing with lust and burning desire. Nigel’s hand felt like a fire around his cock, scorching him in a sinful way. They shouldn’t do this, not at Hannibal’s, but Adam sometimes enjoying indulging in naughty things. “Okay… oh….yes, Nigel.”

Nigel had the younger man pressed against the balcony rail, hand wrapped around his cock, and thumbed a wet smear of pre come he felt over the head. He pulled his hand out for only a

second, long enough to unzip his trousers and push the fabric down to get a better grip on him. Breathing against delicate skin, he growled and scraped his teeth down his neck, his free hand skating under his shirt to rub his nipple. “Feels so good, doesn’t it, in the cool night air like this,” he whispered, tongue swirling his ear temptingly.

“Yes,” Adam moaned, the feeling going from his cock, to his balls, around his groin - which tightened - then back through his shaft again. Even his nipples were hard under Nigel’s ministrations. Oh, it was a lot all at once, and the raven haired man was rolling and grinding with the pleasure, and the teeth on his neck. “I… Nigel I feel like I….I’m close-”

Nigel was hard as a rock just feeling Adam start to come apart in his arms this way. “Come for me, darling, you’re so fucking gorgeous, that’s it,” he whispered, jerking him hard and fast, only one goal in mind.

Adam turned his head to catch Nigel’s mouth, his arm snaking behind his head to hold him. He kissed him that way, tongues slipping together as heated breath escaped flared nostrils. His body tensed, his heart racing like a herd of animals in his chest as the air cooled his heated skin. That was when he came, hot and with a stutter, over his lover’s fist, body convulsing.

“Oh yes, Adam, beautiful just like that, fuck you’re perfect,” Nigel moaned, stroking him through his orgasm and using his semen to slick him up even more. Waiting for him to catch his breath, he kissed bruises along the side of his neck, his cock pressing into his ass through the fabric of his pants.

“Nigel…” Adam whispered, leaning into his touch. He moved his ass back, his cock sensitive now, and then turned around to face him. “How would you like to reach orgasm? Would you like oral sex? Hand stimulation, or sometimes it can be achieved by rutting between my cheeks,” he offered, having seen that in porn. He kissed him again, his hands roving up and down his muscular back, up under his attire before he turned back around towards the rail, offering his round ass to Nigel.

“Oh you always know what to say darling, don’t you,” Nigel murmured. He reached down and roughly yanked down the younger man’s pants all the way to his thighs and knelt for a moment, pulling open Adam’s peachy cheeks to spit between them. He licked over Adam’s hole, moaning in delight at his taste. “Fucking perfect. Just getting you wet before I rub there, angel..”

“Oh my-” Adam almost yelled it out, grasping the bars of the balcony white knuckled. It felt… amazing and he didn’t know how to quite express it. So he just closed his eyes and moaned again. His cock was threatening to harden again. “I like it very much… mm Nigel. My Nigel. My… oh yes!”

Nigel lapped the twitching, pink little pucker, humming and pressing the tip of his tongue inside a bit, enough to tease. He himself wasn’t going to last long, he knew, so he stood and opened his own slacks, pulling out his rigid cock, and pressed himself flush against Adam’s back, guiding himself between his soft, spit-slickened cheeks. One hand on his cock, the other wrapped around the front of Adam’s long neck. “Fuck, like that, god you have a fucking perfect ass, darling,” he whispered, hips rocking rhythmically.

To aid Nigel, Adam squeezed his cheeks together, and moved with him, jerking off his boyfriend's cock that way. He liked how the hand on his throat felt, and he flung his hand behind him, to grip at the Romanian's hip for leverage. They seemed to work really well together, in all ways, and right now, all he could concentrate on was this one. "It's...It's yours," he whispered huskily. He knew that was a silly statement, clearly his ass couldn't literally belong to another, not while still attached, but he'd heard that phrase in porn, and understood it enough to know what it meant metaphorically.

Nigel grunted with effort, his lover's muscular ass massaging his length with every thrust, pre come mingling with his own spit and letting him slip in and out, providing the perfect amount of friction. "God I'm so fucking close, ah, fuck, Adam, Adam…" he panted out the name like a prayer, begging.

"Nigel…" Adam groaned, wanting to feel him inside, but they could do that later. This was very erotic right now and he realized he was in fact hard again. Only Nigel could provoke such a reaction and he was beside himself with the pleasure of all. "Oh please, please…"

He didn't even know what he was asking for but he wanted more of it, he needed to feel every bit of Nigel, wanted that warm seed to send him reeling further.

"Oh fuck, yeah, Adam," Nigel huffed out, gripping his hip hard enough to leave a thumb shaped bruise on creamy skin. He braced his neck against his palm and sucked a hard kiss there, his hips stuttering tellingly before he emptied his seed between Adams's thighs. Groaning, he gasped for breath from the sensation, holding him still as he rode out his climax. "God that was fucking hot...I uhhh, oh I made a mess. Hmmm... let me help you." Nigel got in his knees then and started licking Adam clean, pulling open his cheeks and laving his tongue over the inside of his thighs and ass.

"Oh N-Nigel," Adam gasped at the sensation, his cock twitching. He hadn't expected that but honestly, he was grateful for it and it felt amazing. He reached down and gripped his own cock as he was feasted on again, and cleaned. It was far too much and he began to shake, moaning and coming for a second time over the rail. He was glad no one was down below because that would be embarrassing.

Nigel was spellbound at what Adam had done, and spun him around to lap the over sensitive cock head clean, under his balls and his thighs. "God that was so hot, angel. Wow," he said and stood up, pulling his own pants closed and helping Adam get buttoned up as well.

When they were both recomposed, he kissed Nigel, their tastes mingling together perfectly. He wrapped his arms around his strong shoulders and took in the scent that was uniquely his. It was bliss. The raven haired beauty was relaxed and aroused all at once. "It was very erotic if that's what you meant by hot." A pause and then, "I love you, Nigel."

" Aš tave myliu...I love you too, Angel."

Chapter 7

Before they could commence their plan, there was a second killing. It was precisely on the full moon. Will was noticing a pattern. He texted Hannibal where he'd be since Adam was off with Nigel and headed to the crime scene once the police had left. This could draw attention back to them, since the victims were all Graham-Raki-Lecter clients and well, all he could do was hope that they didn't make that connection.

They *had* to find this killer and put an end to him and fast.

Will snuck into the crime scene, putting himself in the shoes of the man who'd killed the Leeds. He made sure that he wasn't leaving fingerprints or any sort of DNA there. It was fucked up. Already this killer was doing better. The first client and family that had been murdered was the Jacobi's but it had been a bit more rushed, less planned, almost sloppy. This *wasn't* that.

Will closed his eyes when he entered the room with the blood splattered on the wall. The pendulum started to swing. He'd also managed, thanks to Adam's hacking abilities, to see what the bureau had on the case, so had some background information. "Why do you put mirrors in their eyes?" he asked the killer, talking to himself, holding out his hand. He was unaware that Hannibal had arrived and was watching from the shadows.

"The audience. Yes. It makes them look *alive* . Reverent."

Just as Will had guessed. This killer needed to be seen. He understood that on some level. Back the pendulum swung, from death to life, then back again. Will's heart rate was steady in the killer's shoes, breath even, and oh how he felt powerful, unaware he was grinning darkly. "I'm *becoming* . I knock you down, set you up, so you can behold. You're...privy to me. You owe me awe. *This is my design* …"

That's when Will came back, his breath hitching, hands shaking as he looked for blood there that had just been coating his skin warmly in his mind. It was almost intoxicating. He was shaking the imagery, when he heard a noise; he turned, seeing Hannibal standing there in the dark. "H-How long have you been here?" he asked, scrubbing his hand over his face. Then before Hannibal could answer, "He will have left something. A...calling card. Likely outside where the moon can shine on it and on *him* ."

Hannibal stepped out of the shadows and approached Will. "I thought I would find you here. It's quite a wonder to watch you work. Your mind is so beautifully unique, the leaps you make that land in the realm of truth with only shards of evidence. I suspect you're right about him leaving a mark. We should go look around outside." He stepped for the door, looking around, and turned the knob with a gloved hand.

"Yes," Will agree, walking out carefully with Hannibal. The moon was waning, not as full as it had been but it was still bright enough. He could feel the blood in the air, staining his skin as if he'd committed the murders himself. Sure, in his line of work, he'd done so, but this was different. Step by step he walked with Hannibal, leaves crunching under their feet until he

saw a particularly large tree that would offer a perfect view of the Leeds' home. "Here," he said, when he spotted wood shavings and an old apple core at the base. "I need to just… one second."

Will walked around the tree, and on the backside of it, up a bit high but not overly so, he saw it. "Look at this, Hannibal."

The older man looked where he pointed; etched in the bark was a rectangle and a vertical slash. "The dragon," he murmured. "You're right, he wants to be recognized. The mark gives him form, something to stamp upon the psyche. This animal, symbol, clearly has great meaning to him." Hannibal's dark eyes flickered from the carving to Will's face.

With a nod, Will ran his fingers over the carving. The symbol itself had been colored with red ink over the freshly exposed wood. It looked very much like a mahjong piece. "What do you know about the dragon? This isn't just any dragon is it? He'd want to be distinct I think. Dragons, animals, and humans alike, bowing down before him."

Hannibal licked his lips and moved closer, running his gloved finger along by a small portion thoughtfully. " *And behold a great red dragon* ...Are you familiar with William Blake's *The Great Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed in Sun* ? Blake's Dragon stands over a pleading woman caught in the coil of its tail. Few images in Western art radiate such a unique and nightmarish charge of demonic sexuality."

"We're just... looking at the world through his...red haze. I hope we find him soon. He's growing in strength and in what he *perceives* as glory. We have until the next full moon I'd wager," Will said, sighing, stepping away from the tree after pushing off of it. "C'mon, we should go. We need to find out more about it...about the red dragon. Maybe if I can see the picture in person….if *we* can, maybe we can find a weakness."

"The Brooklyn Museum- the original is housed there. I know the curator; I can arrange a viewing," Hannibal said, peeling off his gloves and stuffing them in his pocket.

Will nodded, not surprised that Hannibal had those connections. It just happened to come very much in handy at the moment. "Good."

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The next day, the pair made their way to the Brooklyn Museum after Hannibal placed a quick call to his friend. The woman, Mrs Blanchard, greeted them with an enthusiastic smile. "It's so ironic, we just had a man here this morning asking for the same thing," she commented as she led them down a hall, her heels clapping on the floor as they walked.

"Oh? Some sort of journalist or student?" Will asked, dressed in a suit and tie, all black, but it was elegant enough. He gave Hannibal a look when she wasn't watching, a secret signal that maybe the man might still be there, or maybe they could find out more details on him.

Hannibal made eye contact with the brunet, immediately quickening his pace. "How long ago was he here?" He asked.

“Maybe a half hour? He said he was a professor of Art at NYU,” she replied. They arrived at a door which she unlocked, and led them to a room with a bank of vaults.

The woman unlocked one file cabinet and after looking through the various carefully labelled tabs, she found the one she was looking for. “We have a number of Blake’s works from that period. *The Beast from the Sea, The Number of The Beast…* ”

“We are primarily interested in *The Woman Clothed in Sun,* but we should take a look at all of them,” Hannibal remarked, taking a pair of cotton gloves she’d handed them and moving closer.

“Of course, here you go. I’ll be right outside the door should you need anything else?” she answered and walked away.

When the woman walked away and they were locked in, Will looked at Hannibal. He knew there were cameras in the room, and likely with sound. So he was careful. He took, donned some cotton gloves and put them on, eyeing the piece. “It’s… a powerful image.”

“He feels powerless, very likely this is a man who was a victim of abuse, or in some way has had his autonomy, agency, perhaps even his voice taken from him. He’s projecting something. We just have to determine the connection. What does the dragon truly give him, is it just power, or is he taking something from the victims?” Hannibal mused, hands behind his back. He observed Will as he examined the painting, and could see the wheels turning in his mind. It was truly beautiful to watch him work.

Will was equally impressed with Hannibal’s thoughts. “I don’t think he wants trophies. I think he takes their power. Feeds on their fear to raise himself up from the ashes, into the sky where he feels he can dominate,” he speculated, swallowing as he looked into Hannibal’s eyes. “We’ll have to appeal to that sense in him in order to be the best bait. The best… tribute for the dragon.”

“I agree. He connects with the primal power of the dragon. It may be less metaphorical for him than we think. I believe we can lay a proper trap now.” Hannibal put the art piece back and began walking to the door.

“We need to find the uh… the footage,” Will whispered after a nod in agreement, touching Hannibal’s shoulder. “Distract them for me.” He’d go find a way into the security room, see if he can catch a glimpse of the dragon, which would give them an advantage.

Taking Will’s cue, he sauntered up to the curator, once they were outside of the door, and began chatting her up charmingly, talking about other artists and history while Will went off to find the footage they needed to catch the dragon.

After about ten minutes Will returned, victorious and gave Hannibal a subtle nod. “Thank you for everything, Miss.”

They left, and once they were clear, Will pulled out his cell phone. “I recorded what I could. He changed his name of course, but at least we’ll know who to look for. I’ll show you once we’re stopped.”

Hannibal looked at Will's phone. He was very impressed with this mission being accomplished - they had a decent chance at finding out who this man was.

The two arrived back at Will's house and started working on the plan to catch and kill the dragon. They would pose as one of their own clients.

After a week of research and preparation, the Graham's and Lecters were finally ready to set the trap and end this once and for all. Following the patterns the dragon was making, they decided Will would lie in wait, posing as the client in the dark house, and once the dragon had him cornered, Hannibal would come out and subdue him.

Adam and Nigel stayed back, keeping an ear to the ground but close enough that they could help if need be. Will hugged his brother. "You ready for this?"

"Yes. You'll be doing more than I will."

Will laughed. "True, but your's and Nigel's parts are just as vital. We'll all be fine."

"You can't know that for certain, Will."

"No. I 'spose I can't. I think we'll be alright. Better?"

"It's more realistic, yes. I hope you're right."

"Good. You and Nigel get in your places. Hannibal and I are going to the decoy home."

"Okay Will. Um. I love you."

Will's brows rose in surprise. It was the first time Adam had ever told him that. He hugged him hard, kissing his head. "I love you too, Adam."

Nigel and Hannibal had been in their fair share of dangerous situations, and had complete confidence in each other. Still, they too embraced before parting ways. "You've got this, I fucking know you do," Nigel remarked as he squeezed Hannibal's arm.

"I know. Will is a remarkable hunter, and between the two of us, we will end this menace once and for all."

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Hannibal and Will traveled to the home where it would all go down, a beautiful home with large, floor to ceiling windows. As planned, Hannibal stayed back with eyes and ears on Will via a series of hidden cameras they'd place. He surveilled them on his phone as he hid outside in the trees, shrouded in shadows.

Will poured himself a glass of wine, standing by the largest window in the living room, awaiting the moment. He could feel the Dragon near, like a whispering ghost bound to peak through the glass, only this one would not be whispering. No, this was a beast that would howl and claw. It was fine, the empath had teeth of his own.

Hannibal watched, unsurprised yet still in awe of Will's incredible abilities, and saw a tall man dressed in black slipping through the backyard, gun in hand. He went in the back door, the kitchen entrance, and disappeared. Like smoke vanishing in the night, the man moved more like an animal, all instinct.

The mysterious figure crept inside, room to room looking for the family, until he finally entered the living room. Seeing Will emerge from the shadows, he raised his weapon and trained it on Will.

A strange, lisped, raspy voice came out from him like a reptile unfurling itself. "I know you. Graham. What are you doing here?" he asked, appearing unafraid.

"Could ask you the same thing," Will answered, his eyes blazing with deadly intentions, never letting his gaze falter. He kept his hand ready, a gun tucked into the back of his pants, a knife in his pocket.

"If *you* are here, you know why I am here. And if you know who I am already, what's the point of asking?" Looking Will over, he stepped out of the shadow where the moonlight filtered through an open window, bathing them both in the light from It's pallid face.

"You've come to change me, or the client, and their family that you thought was here. Must be frustrating, taking away your reverent audience." Will all but snarled out the words, his fingers edging closer to that knife.

Very slowly, with a heavy lisp belying a severe speech impediment and harelip, the bigger man spoke, his gun steady. "I'm not doing it for an audience. I'm doing it to become something else. Something greater. I've already begun to transform, Mr Graham. You are here to help me, to be privy to something magnificent. Your puny life wasn't to amount to more than a second rate mobster."

Will knew this naturally, or he'd assumed as much, but he wanted to hear it from the beast's lips. Now he knew that what he had deduced was in fact true. "So then I'm - we're - all just a fly in the afterbirth of your becoming. Why bother?"

He was buying time, waiting for Hannibal.

"Because I need you to feed my transformation," Francis growled, his voice barely human.

Hannibal emerged from a corner, behind him, and like the predator he was, the dragon whipped around, sensing the presence of the second man.

In a blur of frenetic movement, his gun discharged, aimed at Hannibal. When Will heard that pop, he saw blood. Whether it was imagined, his own, Hannibal's, the dragon's, or just a sort of hallucination, it didn't matter. He felt fear that he might lose the man he loved then, so he lunged at Francis, stabbing him in the shoulder quickly, dragging it as much as he could until he hit bone, then got him in the leg. It was enough to make the beast drop the gun, but he got Will away with a hard punch to his cheek, and with a snarl, headed straight for him. He was going to kill him. Take out one of his opponents.

Hannibal could *bear witness* . Watch as he changed Will into something *more* .

Hannibal had dropped like a stone; the dragon had managed to get a shot off before Will got to him. Looking down as his belly, he could see he was bleeding, but when he looked up and saw the big man charging for Will again, hand on his lover's throat from behind, nothing else mattered. He got to his feet and hurled himself, landing on the beast's back, and got him in a choke hold. Nearly riding him piggy-back style, the dragon stumbled under the sudden weight and began choking as Hannibal's arm tightened around his windpipe.

The hand on his throat had been pulled off. The pressure on his back, gone. Will had thought his spine was about to be broken just when it wasn't. Gasping, he turned around and saw Hannibal on the Dragon's back and he stood, blood in his mouth from the punch that had been delivered thanks to the beast they were fighting. He met Hannibal's eyes, blood spilling from his mouth and through his teeth and ran over, stabbing the dragon in the stomach for good measure, opening him up.

It was at that moment, as Dolarhyde flailed backwards and fell to his knees, that Hannibal growled, an unearthly, inhuman sound. He clamped his teeth hard on the enemy's neck, over his carotid, ripping away flesh and tissue as blood gushed freely in a cascade of crimson, a geyser spewing from his neck and stomach. Hannibal let him go and he collapsed to the ground with a roar of agony, thrashing and sputtering as he fought for a life that was rapidly slipping away.

Hannibal stumbled as he struggled to stand up straight with the pain he was in. Will was alive, bloodied but alive. That was all that mattered to him in that moment. But as he felt himself growing weaker, he knew he'd have to get medical care soon. Pulling his phone from his back pocket, he texted the signal to Nigel and Adam that the man was dead, but they needed help.

Will made his way over to Hannibal, his blood coated hand travelling up to his lover's shoulder, where he embraced him and smiled, his chest heaving to catch his breath. Nigel and Adam were on their way, but this moment was theirs. Just theirs. Leaning forward, he kissed his love, blood tinging the flavor, enhancing it, and over his lips he whispered, "It's beautiful."

Hannibal felt a burning swell in his chest, intense and powerful love for this amazing, majestic creature. He was a predator, and the unflinchingly brutal way Will had attacked their enemy was breathtaking to behold. Truly, this was love, the kind that men fought for and strive towards. He held Will's sharp jawline in his, thumb rubbing over the stubbly beard he had, and he leaned forward to kiss his lips, not caring for the blood or mess between them. Pulling back, he held his face and looked into his eyes. "Indeed it is, but you, my dear Will, are even more so. Mylimasis, my love, you have captured me heart and soul. I love you."

Will felt the sheer power of their love then. He'd been feeling it burgenoning on the precipice of their desire, growing more with each kiss, word, and look. But this solidified it. It was a vow unspoken, written in blood, and sealed with a kiss. A smile tugged at his lips as he cupped Hannibal's jaw right back, kissing him once more. "I love you too." It was all they'd really ever wanted, for both of them, here and now. But beyond all of that, and before they could celebrate. He needed to get his beloved medical attention. "Just don't die on me."

Hannibal chuckled, lightheaded but still on his feet. “It wasn’t fatal. He missed vital organs, from how I feel. Help is on the way.”

At that moment, Adam and Nigel came in. Adam ran over to Will, concern written on his face.

“Will! Will! Are you okay? Neither of you look okay.” Adam panted, trying not to freak out. He took a breath and practiced what he’d learned, being a boss. It wouldn’t help anything if he didn’t calm himself.

Nigel immediately looked both men over; superficial wounds on Will, no emergencies, but Hannibal was bleeding rather heavily. “The men are on the way to get rid of the body and clean the scene. We have to get you back to the house. Doc is there ready and waiting. Come on, Adam, help me get him into the car,” Nigel directed firmly, knowing that giving Adam a concrete task would focus him and distract him from the panic. He took a towel he’d brought and handed it to Hannibal, placing it over the wound. “Keep pressure on it.”

Will could see what Nigel was doing for his brother, and he appreciated it, staying close as Adam walked over and readied to help.

“Okay. I will help,” he assured, taking a breath.

Lifting him carefully from both sides, they got him into the car and soon were racing back to the house. When they arrived, they all got out, helping Hannibal once more inside, where the Doctor was. Adam helped Will clean up his wounds, not squeamish with blood of course, then they were right back with the Lecter Twins, and the doctor. Will was worried, but he didn’t let it show, and instead watched from a close distance.

“Is he...will he be alright, Doctor Sutcliffe?”

The doctor nodded. “Hannibal is pretty tough. We’re going to start by getting some pain reliever, antibiotics and fluids in him. Once I can determine where the bullet is, we’ll figure out if it needs to be removed or not.” The nurse that accompanied him had already started the IV and he was beginning his exam.

After working carefully for some time, he’d determined the bullet was safe to remove and so he did, finishing up with antisepsis and dry bandages.

“Luckily he didn’t lose very much blood. He’s going to be fine with a bit of rest and antibiotics,” Doctor Sutcliffe said, washing his hands. “Right now he just needs a bit of rest. Nurse Shell will stay behind and monitor him. Please contact me if there’s anything else,” he said, shaking hands with the four men.

“Thank you, doctor. We appreciate everything,” Nigel said walking him to the door.

When the doctor was gone, Will was patched up, he asked Adam to go occupy Nigel for a bit. He wanted to talk to Hannibal, then get some rest as well. They’d all be staying there tonight. No driving back. Fortunately, the dogs were fed and watered back home, pee pads set out. When Adam pulled Nigel out of the room, Will walked over to Hannibal, touching his arm.

“If I was a better cook I’d maybe make you some chicken soup,” he said quietly, grinning warmly, ears lifting under a nest of curls.

Hannibal looked up at him and smiled softly. “Just having you by my side is all the medicine I need. Well, perhaps that and the antibiotics,” he chuckled. He reached out and took Will’s hand. “Seeing you and what you did...well, I hope you know I meant every word I said, and I love you very much. Nothing will separate us, ever, Will.” He brought the brunet’s hand to his lips and kissed his knuckles.

“I…. I love you too, Hannibal,” Will whispered, his voice hitching in his throat as they spoke words that bonded them together further still. He was glad that his boyfriend would be okay, and it wasn’t a shock since Hannibal was quite formidable, tough, and not one who would be taken down by the banality of a gun. Will knew better. With a lick of his lips, a grin, and once more kiss, he nodded. “I don’t think either of us could survive separation.”

“I agree, Mylimasis. That means *Beloved* in Lithuanian,” he explained softly. “I truly feel if I saw you everyday, forever, I would always remember this moment. Your love is sustenance for my soul. I-I apologize, I know I’m a bit of a romantic, not quite the impenetrable persona I present to everyone, but you've laid me bare and allowed me to show you myself. That’s quite valuable to me. There are so few I allow that intimacy.”

Will’s color turned an even brighter shade of crimson and he dipped his head down, looking back up through wispy lashes at Hannibal. It was truly a moment he’d not expected, not from the very strong and usually serious man. It touched him though, right to his very core. “I...I’m… pleased, that you have let me know you, *see* you. It’s a rare gift… one I wanted and will nurture.”

“I’ve no doubt of that, Will. I’d hoped since the moment I met you, but not until recently did I dare to believe that would blossom the way it has.” Hannibal’s eyes closed softly, as he was quite exhausted from everything in addition to the medication Sutcliffe had given him. “Forgive me, Will, if I drift off…”

“N-no, you need rest, it’s okay,” Will whispered, and then kissed Hannibal’s brow, his eyelids, then his lips once more before backing up. He felt quite exhausted too. “I should do the same. I’ll see you soon. Goodnight, Hannibal.”

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Hannibal woke the next morning in a bit less pain than he’d gone to sleep with, the smell of bacon and coffee filling his home. He was hungry, and he tried to move his head and open his eyes. Ahh. Stiff but alive. Nigel and Adam had went out for breakfast, once they knew their siblings were okay. That left Will and Hannibal alone.

Will wanted to sleep with Hannibal in bed, but he slept instead, in the guest room, wanting to give him space, but still, he’d ended up on the sofa in Hannibal’s room anyway. He’d woke up before him, and felt much better, though he was still pretty sore.

Either way, he knew his beau couldn’t cook like usual, so he thought he’d give it a try. That’s exactly what Hannibal smelled. It wasn’t but a moment later and Will came in, just in jeans

and his opened flannel, a tray with two platters on it, as well as coffee. He smiled.

“G’mornin’,” he drawled, and set it down. “Tried to make a decent breakfast, but I’m not as good a cook as you.”

Hannibal’s eyes skated down Will’s torso with a drowsy smile, sitting up as much as his body would allow. “I’m sure it perfect. Thank you, my love. That coffee and a kiss will do me a great deal of good,” he murmured. He looked down at his dressing; it would need tending later, but for now, he knew he should eat something. He needed strength to heal.

Will felt himself blushing, ears wiggling with his grin. “C’mere.”

He leaned in instead, despite his request and kissed Hannibal softly, holding his angular jaw. As his fingers slipped off, he felt the stubble, finding he liked it. “And you need to eat before the Doc gets here.”

With that said, he sat down, having pulled a chair up close, then handed Hannibal his coffee, taking a sip of his own. “Hurting as bad as last night?”

Hannibal’s cheeks warmed at the kiss, pinking up like a schoolboy and giving him a youthful ruddiness. Taking a careful sip of the hot nectar, he sighed as it slid soothingly down his throat. “Better than last night, yes. I was lucky you were there to help me, that Adam and Nigel were nearby, everything worked in my favor really. I will be fine. Just need a bit more rest...that and perhaps some of that bacon,” he grinned, playfully looking over Will’s shoulder.

“Glad to hear.” Will grinned and set his coffee down, getting up. He brought over the tray, and handed Hannibal the plate, not wanting to feed him or make him feel indignant. Something told him that Hannibal was a man who was very concerned about preserving his dignity. He took up his own plate, and popped a piece of bacon into his mouth. It wasn’t bad, but also not like what his lover could make. “Like I said, it’s as good as you can make but it’s not too horrible.”

Hannibal picked up a piece and ate it, licking his fingers. “It’s delicious. You did a very good job, love. Thank you so much,” he hummed appreciatively. A moment later, he picked up a napkin Will had so kindly brought him and dabbed his lips clean. He felt too full after just that small bit of food, so he picked up his lover’s free hand and squeezed it. “You’re the best nurse anyone might want, you know.”

Will had downed his bacon, and the eggs by the time Hannibal had squeezed his hand. He wiped his mouth with his free one and chuckled, smiling at him. “Never been called that before, but it’s….not offensive at all coming from you. I can feel you mean it,” he said with a grin, then took a sip of coffee, leaning in to kiss Hannibal again. “Last night, before I walked out of the room, you murmured something about wanting to tell me something today. What is it?”

Hannibal remembered. It was fuzzy, in the haze of medication and pain. Will was a skilled investigator and ever curious, and if he hoped to retain his love, he knew he needed to have control over how he’d receive certain *information* .

He had to tell Will about Pazzi. Some of his reasoning was born of curiosity- how far could he go and still retain his love? Would Will turn away from him when he knew how truly manipulative he could be? Wind him up and watch him go...he loved Will deeply, but a darker side of him also had a tendency to push and push and test the limits.

“I did,” he began slowly, smoothing out the sheet in his lap. “The Italians...they stole your shipment. The event that orchestrated you coming to us for help? I...I set it in motion. Nigel knows nothing about this. I acted alone. Will...I want you to know, I regret nothing although I didn’t intend to bring you or Adam any harm, I only wanted to expedite and encourage our partnership. But I’d rather you hear this from me than find out from another, particularly given how dangerous our line of work, and because my feelings for you have developed significantly...into something larger than I could’ve predicted. I love you with a deep and profound love, Will Graham.” He stopped to let it all sink in; he’d been talking without pause and it tired him, so he just breathed and watched his beloved carefully, knowing this could go horribly wrong.

Will sat his coffee down at that and rolled his tongue between his lower lip and teeth, then pulled it through them, sucking in a breath. He let it out and ran his hand across his jaw. “I… I knew something wasn’t…. *copacetic* about how everythin’ went down,” he began, leaning back to study Hannibal’s often unreadable face. He didn’t feel any regret from him, but at least he’d said as much. “If Adam had died…I would have killed you. With my hands,” he said deeply, low, and dark, licking his lips at the thought. It sent a thrill through him, and he grinned just so. “But you don’t have to worry about that any longer. I don’t want to kill you, not now that we’re in this interesting place. Not now that we love each other.”

Leaning forward, Will grasped Hannibal’s face, on unaffected areas, and kissed his lips. “But don’t do that again. Don’t lie to me. Be it outright or with sins of omission.”

He appreciated that Hannibal did tell him, even if it took him a while. They belonged together, some of their stars the same. It was inescapable, their bond and as the expression went:

Better the devil you know…

To finish, Will released his hold on his lover and sat back in his chair. After a pregnant pause he met Hannibal’s gaze and whispered, “I forgive you.”

Beautiful. So - *so* - beautiful and perfect. His Will was a predator, and he couldn’t have designed a better response from the handsome young man. It showed he was no one’s fool. “I hold your forgiveness as a precious gift, Will, and I won’t take it for granted. Forgiveness requires two, and I accept this gift and hold it close to my heart. I love you, Will.” He held his hand and kissed it. “Thank you.”

Will felt his heart race at that, and his lips parted, a soft moan falling from between them. He felt his skin heat up and once his hand was released, he leaned in to kiss him once more. “You’re welcome and uh, thank you,” he said, never really sure how to handle certain things, in that area, even if their love came far more naturally than the words. He grinned. “I love you too. Now eat okay? Need you to get better.”

Hannibal smiled back, utterly besotted by his beloved's own face lit up with love. He took another piece of bacon and ate it with more delight this time, feeling a weight had been lifted from his shoulders. "I'm stronger already, Mylimasis," he answered.

"Good." Will was utterly in love. They both were.

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Two months had gone by, and the Grahams had gone from the most powerful and influential enterprise in New York City, to the Lecter-Grahams being well on their way to controlling most of the East Coast. The coupling had become far more profitable than any of them had envisioned, but it was beyond that now.

Adam had moved in permanently with Nigel, and while in the surface they were entirely opposite, it was a match made in heaven. Nigel helped Adam even more with social interactions, as well as risk taking. He felt grounded, and loved, while Adam brought order to Nigel's chaos, even helped temper his often hot blooded reactions to situations with calm logic and reason. They were both incredibly passionate, and it translated into their deep, intense love for one another.

The same could be said for Will and Hannibal. Theirs was a decidedly darker one though, the two men often engaged in violent yet no less loving and passionate sex. It was brutal and sometimes bloody, edgy, risky, but that was how they expressed their strangely intense connection to one another. They felt a bond between souls, as though they couldn't live without each other or survive separation, and that depth of love sometimes drove them to a madness shared by two.

Complicated but *beautiful*.

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